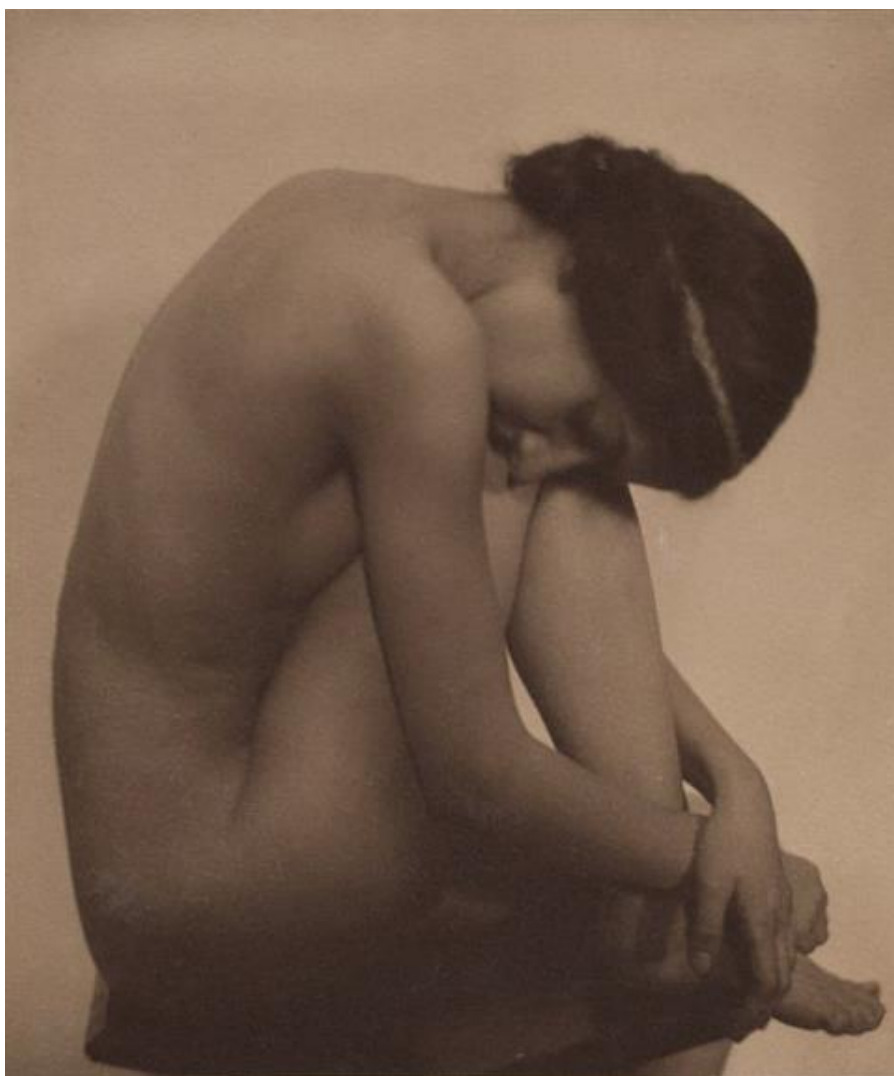


Art & Eros Magazine



Volume Eleven: Spring 2023

Art & Eros Magazine: Volume Eleven

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Cover picture: Female Figurative by Elias Goldensky, 1920

If you have a submission for the **Art & Eros Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine. The editor can be contacted at

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*Loneliness is walking in the
Shadows of the Cherry
Blossoms and having no one to
Share the moment with.*

Patrick Bruskiewich

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Prologue

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is delighted to publish the Spring 2023 edition of *Art & Eros* Magazine which serves to feature the work of aspiring artists.

In this edition we have an interview of Yuki as well as an essay and photographs from her *Phallus Anthropologia*. Gisele, Laura, Reiko, Keiko and her friend Aki are also new submitters to our magazine. There are some poems from Aki Kurosawa, William and Rose, We have some historical essays by Malcolm Crowley and Sir Winston Churchill. There is also a section title *The Best of Art & Eros (2019 – 2022)*.

Art & Eros Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Featured Interview

Interview of Yuki

Patrick: Hello Yuki. Thank you for sitting for an interview for *Art & Eros Magazine*.

Yuki: Thanks for inviting me. I have read some of your *Art & Eros Magazines* and find them interesting.

Patrick: In what way?

Yuki: *Art & Eros Magazine* covers many topics and have featured many different people.

Patrick: Do you have a favorite topic from *Art & Eros*?

Yuki: I like the figurative art.

Patrick: You do?

Yuki: I do. You sound surprised. You shouldn't be ...

Patrick: Do you do any art?

Yuki: Does flower arranging and the Japanese tea ceremony represent art?

Patrick: Yes it does.

Yuki: Then I do art. I also like drawing and photography

Patrick: You have been in Vancouver for two years and are soon returning home to Japan. What have you enjoyed the most about Vancouver?

Yuki: In Japan I live near the coast on the northern island of Hokkaido. Vancouver is similar to my home town.

Patrick: And your home town is?

Yuki: I would rather not say because of the infidelity of my boyfriend ...

Patrick: I understand. Is there perhaps another reason?

Yuki: Oh ... and because of my anthropology project *Phallus Anthropologia* ... I want to remain ... what do you say in English?

Patrick: Anonymous

Yuki: Yes ... that ...

Patrick: Can I ask you how you feel about your boyfriend's infidelity?

Yuki: You can ...

Patrick: {pause and silence} And?

Yuki: Go read my essay *Infidelity*.

Patrick: I have ... you found a clever way of getting back at him. What other effect did your boyfriend's infidelity have on you?

Yuki: It was what prompted me to do *Phallus Anthropologia* ...

Patrick: Tell our readers about *Phallus Anthropologia*.

Yuki: I had to take a fourth year anthropology course. I had never taken anthropology before. It was very difficult for me. I had to do a major project and this is what I chose.

Patrick: But it sounds like you managed well.

Yuki: I did.

Patrick: Didn't you tell me your professor wrote a letter of reference for you for Oxford?

Yuki: Yes. I am the first person in my family to go to university. I now want to go take a Master's at Oxford. I came to Canada to improve my English so that I might go to a university in the UK.

Patrick: Why the United Kingdom?

Yuki: I think the UK is more tolerant than the US to foreigners.

Patrick: Why not go to a Canadian university for your Master's?

Yuki: I want to travel around to the UK then Europe maybe next.

Patrick: You sound like you know what you want in life.

Yuki: I think I do, but I do tend to change my mind from time to time. In a real sense I am glad my boyfriend was unfaithful to me ...

Patrick: I sense you don't really want to take about him!

Yuki: {sigh} ... his unfaithfulness cuts all ties I have with him and so now I feel much free to do my own thing, like do *Phallus Anthropologia* ...

Patrick: What did you enjoy the most in doing this project?

Yuki: There were many things I enjoyed about this project. It allowed me to explore the sexuality of the male. I am Catholic and I am a virgin.

Patrick: So you have never had sex with a boy?

Yuki: I have never had sex with a boy. I have had sex with a girl but that really doesn't count as sex does it.

Patrick: I see ... are you bi?

Yuki: Bi?

Patrick: Bisexual?

Yuki: What does that mean?

Patrick: That you enjoy sex with both sexes.

Yuki: That is a silly question to ask someone who has never had sex with a boy ...

Patrick: Why did you choose to have sex with a girl then?

Yuki: It is very common for girls to be intimate ... besides its safer.

Patrick: In what way safer?

Yuki: {giggle} Isn't it rather obvious?

Patrick: Let's move on ... You said you enjoyed doing your project.

Yuki: Yes, that was the first time I was able to see what a boy really looks like up close.

Patrick: And what was your first impression?

Yuki: That part of a boy is funny looking and has a mind of its own! It changes its size and shape and it smells different when the boy is aroused.

Patrick: Yes it does have a mind of its own ... the smell are called pheromones.

Yuki: Yes ...

Patrick: How would you describe how an aroused boy smells like?

Yuki: Yummy ... sweet ... exciting ...

Patrick: Girls produce pheromones too.

Yuki: Yes we do ... but they don't always smell so yummy ... do we?

Patrick: I have never enjoyed your pheromones ...

Yuki: Would you like to?

Patrick: No ... I have a girlfriend thank you.

Yuki: Ha ha ha. I know you have lovely pheromones ...

Patrick: Gee thanks ... But remember what you promised ...

Yuki: Ok. Well, *Phallus Anthropologia* got me thinking about many things.

Patrick: Such as?

Yuki: How it would be like to be a boy for awhile and have a ... thingy.

Patrick: It's called a *penis*. Can you say *penis*?

Yuki: Ha ha ha. In Japanese we call it an *inkei*. Can you say *inkei*? In Japanese *Phallus* is *Farusu*.

Patrick: Shall I call you *Farususan*?

Yuki: As a nick name?

Patrick: Yes. {giggle} *Farususan* I think you would be so bored as a boy?

Yuki: Why would you say that?

Patrick: It is my impression that girls have more fun?

Yuki: To be honest I would enjoy sleeping around as a boy ... It would be fun to put my penis in a bunch of different woman and see if they enjoyed the experience. Don't all boys sleep around? Don't you?

Patrick: I don't. I am Catholic ... and I have a girlfriend.

Yuki: I am Catholic too ... So you are a virgin?

Patrick: No ... I have been married.

Yuki: What does that have to do with being a virgin?

Patrick: Catholics are asked to wait until they are married.

Yuki: Yeah ... sure ... Can I ask you something?

Patrick: If it is not too personal yes ...

Yuki: When did you lose your virginity?

Patrick: That is too personal a question ... let's get back to your project *Phallus Anthropologia*.

Yuki: Ok ... well ... I asked an artist friend {giggle} whether he might be a living sculpture {giggle} to help me with my project and he said yes {giggle}.

Patrick: Obviously he agreed ...

Yuki: Yes ... obviously he did. It was so much fun.

Patrick: How did you come up with the different ornaments?

Yuki: I found a few interesting books in the library, and some good materials online. I also watched a few documentaries about primitive tribes, the *Zoe* in particular.

Patrick: Tell us about the *Zoe*.

Yuki: They are a small tribe in South America that were only discovered recently. They don't wear cloths. It is a maternalistic society with an alpha female able to have several husbands. It got me thinking about several things.

Patrick: Things like?

Yuki: How I might want to do a Master's on sexual practices around the world, starting with some of the tribes like the *Zoe*. I thought I might even just focus on the phallus ...

Patrick: And once you have finished your Masters ... *Farususan*?

Yuki: {giggle} Maybe I can take a Ph.d, or teach in a college, or write, or travel and explore the world. I haven't thought that far ahead

Patrick: Would you be able to talk about sexual practices back in Japan? My impression is that this theme is a bit risqué ...

Yuki: {giggle} I guess I should also study the sexual practices in Japan, ancient and modern.

Patrick: May I ask you one last question?

Yuki: Sure ...

Patrick: Which of the ornaments from *Phallus Anthropologia* did you find the most interesting?

Yuki: How the men from the *Zoe* tribe hide away their pheromones. I have included a picture of a *Zoe* tribesman. It would be fun if all men had to walk around like this.

Patrick: oh my ... {blush}

Yuki: {giggle} or maybe just wearing a kynodesme like in ancient times!

Patrick: {blush} Thanks for letting me interview you.

Yuki: You are welcome. And thanks for all the help you have given me and my three friends Aki, Keiko and Reiko. We would not have been able to get

all our English essays done without your help. Without your help I would not be able to go to Oxford either ...

Infidelity by Yuki

[**Japan**] This is a difficult story for me to tell. My ex-boyfriend and I have known each other since we were old enough to walk. My family and his go back many years. Our parents were expecting us to marry, and settle down. But he did things that made it impossible for me to trust him and so it is unlikely we will become a couple and have our own children together.

I have been away at university in Vancouver for the past two years. While I was in Vancouver I shared an apartment with three close friends from high school, Keiko, Reiko and Aki. I returned home last January. I cannot tell you where in Japan I live. If I did, after reading my story, you would probably want to intrude in my life. And you would also want to embarrass my ex-boyfriend and he would get angry and take it out on me. I don't want that. He has a very bad temper. We separated on Valentine's Day.

I haven't been home in two years. Beginning last year I heard whispers that my ex-boyfriend was being unfaithful to me. He is the assistant manager of a grocery store (the only job he has had since graduating from high school – his father is the store manager). My ex-boyfriend likes to delivery some of the grocery orders and has been getting a bit too intimate with some of the women in the city I live. He has also tried to seduce the younger cousin of one of my school friends.

When I returned home in January my girlfriends gave me a party but decided not to invite my ex-boyfriend. At the time we were still going out but I was told before flying home from Vancouver not to tell him when I was returning.

The night of the party after we had dinner and their boyfriends starting to drink and sing, we girlfriends left the party to go for a walk. We walked three blocks over to sit in front of a Love Hotel, hidden in the shadows across the street. After sitting for a few minutes I saw my ex-boyfriend arrive at the Love Hotel with the younger cousin of the girlfriend who walked us over from our party.

Before I could get upset she said ... “just wait she will be coming right out,”

And she did. When she did she rushed across the street, gave me a big hug and said, “don’t worry ... nothing happened. I told him I am not interested and to stop trying to seduce me.”

Then when my ex-boyfriend appeared again in the street one of my other girlfriends sitting next to me telephoned him then and there to invite him to the party. “Where are you?” she asked him. He lied saying he was at work.

So we rushed back to the party and waited for him to arrive. When he did he swore that he was at work when he got the call. He said how happy he was to see me. He wanted to hug and kiss me, but I gave him a cold shoulder. When the young cousin joined the party my ex-boyfriend suddenly said he had some unfinished business at work and rushed off.

For several days afterwards when he telephoned me I told him I had jet lag, or didn't feel all that well, or was busy visiting my grandparents. I was in fact telling him the truth, even though he kept up being evasive when I asked what he has been doing.

We just talked on the phone. We did not meet up.

After several weeks of playing a game of cat and mouse I met up with my girlfriends on a Saturday night and we talked for several hours about what we should do. It was an awkward discussion we had as they told me all their stories. I was very angry!

As we got tipsy with sake we concocted a plan to teach my ex-boyfriend a lesson. I was to invite him to come with me to an onsen on Valentine's Day. We would drive up together and spend a few days there. I got him to book a room and then I drove us up to an ancient and famous onsen at the far reaches of the island, where even trains don't go. It was a long four hour drive into the middle of nowhere.

When we got there we immediately changed to go to the onsen. We changed in separate rooms and when we stepped to the onsen he wanted to get intimate with me so I let him become aroused but I stood my ground.

To tease him I let him take a picture of me using my cellphone.



Just a few minutes after we settled into the warm hot spring, six of my girlfriends, including the younger cousin, suddenly appeared and joined us.

Then I told him I needed to pee and got out.

I left him for a half hour as I dried myself, dressed and then emptied out his wallet of his identification, his money and his charge cards. I left him a note saying I do not ever want to see him again. I went out my car and waited.

For that half hour my friends took turns belittling him for being such a bad boyfriend ... and one by one they left him, starting with the young cousin.

They all quickly got dressed and dashed to my car. He sat there waiting for me to return for twenty minutes. I started the car and we waiting until he came running out of the onsen completely naked, then we sped off leaving him in the middle of nowhere with no easy way to get home.

During the long drive back home I had to block his number to stop him from calling me. As we drove back I telephoned my father and told him what had happened. He talked with my ex's father and well, the disappointment came crashing down on my ex-boyfriend. He had to telephone his father, who had to leave work early to come and drive hours and hours to pick him up and also pay his unpaid onsen bills. There was a big argument with the onsen owners over whether he had to pay. But in the end the room booking had to be paid.

My ex not only lost me, his father fired him for what he had been doing on his "grocery deliveries ..." and now my ex-boyfriend is a shelf stalker at one of the very small supermarkets and works evenings and weekends behind the counter and well ... he doesn't have much time and energy to do much else.

As for me, I am the first person in my family to ever go to university. I am getting ready to set off to Oxford to do my Master's in Anthropology. I have an artist friend in Vancouver to thank for this – he agreed to be a living sculpture as I presented my major fourth year anthropology seminar – *Phallus Anthropologia* – the Anthropology of the Male. My Anthropology professor

was so impressed with my project that she wrote a letter of reference for me to her alma mater Oxford.

I chose to do this theme because I knew what was going on back home and I wanted to better understand the psychology and physiology of the male.

At the heart of my presentation *Phallus Anthropologia* is the modesty and fidelity that men show the women they love and admire in several cultures around the world, both ancient and modern. The thought that I put into my major fourth year anthropology seminar put my ex-boyfriend's infidelity into perspective for me.

I am looking forward to Oxford! I might stop in Vancouver for a visit on my way to the UK or on my way back just to say hello to my artist friend.

On my world travels I may decide to explore *Anthropologia Aphroditis*.

Phallus Anthropologia by Yuki

[Japan] Last year I was taking third and fourth year humanities courses at a university back in Vancouver. I am the first person in my family to ever go to university. My program required me to take an anthropology course. I had never studied anthropology before and so I did not have the prerequisites for most of the courses, but there was one course that the instructor let me take (there were a dozen open seats and so she wanted to fill the class). It was a class for students with majors other than anthropology.

There was a large amount of reading for the course and I had to write several long research papers. A Canadian friend helped edit my papers (writing in English is very difficult for me). There was also an hour long seminar I had to present. I chose as a theme *Phallus Anthropologia* – the Anthropology of the Male because I wanted to better understand the psychology and physiology of the male. I have an artist friend who reluctantly agreed to be a living sculpture for my seminar. It took me much persuasion!

At the heart of my presentation *Phallus Anthropologia* is the modesty and fidelity that men show the women they love and admire in several cultures around the world, both ancient and modern. At the time I knew that my ex-boyfriend back home in Japan was being unfaithful to me. My seminar helped put my ex-boyfriend's infidelity into perspective for me.

Baubles and Beads – tribal custom to hide the masculine away.



The baubles and beads tells the women in the tribe that the man is spoken for.

Baubles and Beads – side view



You can't really see anything can you?

Baubles – the bare minimum



As he walks the baubles swings along with him. It is mesmerizing!

In the South Pacific – A shells and pearls



There are usually more shells on the belt (we only had one oyster shell).

The Koteka – in parts of Borneo, South America and Africa



The Koteka is meant to hide away the male pheromones so the wild animals he is hunting cannot smell him when he stalks his prey. The women of the tribe cannot go hunting with their men because their feminine pheromones would be smelled by the wild animals and the women would become the prey.

Here is a Zoe tribesman with his masculinity pulled upwards and prepuce tied.



which is another way of masking the masculine pheromones. My friend was too modest to let me photograph him attired this way.

The Kynodesme in Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome

The kynodesme is a small piece of string tied around the prepuce, or fore skin, of the male so that his masculinity is hidden away. In ancient times a man could appear in public if he wore a kynodesme. Kynodesme were worn by slaves, athletes and warriors when in public view.



What we discovered is that when a man wears a kynodesme for even a few minutes it puts his masculinity asleep.



This could explain why the sculptures from Greek and Roman times have men with small masculinity.



This is the famous sculpture of the Roman Spearman.



Notice how small they both are!

One of the more amusing ornaments is this one.



The other ornaments are a bit too revealing to share as pictures.

Thanks to my friend, I was the only student to receive a perfect mark for their anthropology seminar.

My professor was so impressed with my presentation that she wrote a letter of reference for me for Oxford asking they accept me for a Master's.

A final thought ... each year there is a special Japanese Festival – a celebration of the phallus. When I mentioned this the women in my anthropology class divided in two, some who were fascinated and some who were disgusted. I asked them what they thought and was amused by some of their comments.

I find it odd in Canada that ‘gender studies’ only focussed on women issues or gay issues. I think Canadian universities should have classes about heterosexual men. As a woman I find women studies rather boring!



By the way... the porters of this phallus are all women. This year all four of us, me, Keiko, Reiko and Aki participated in this festival for the first time ... we had fun being porters ...

Perhaps Vancouver could have a festival like this next year?

New Prose

My Power over Boys by Gisele R

I was twelve when I had my first amorous encounter. That was the year I discovered that as a girl I had power over boys. That was also the year I stumbled into the sex thing not really knowing much about it, and what lay ahead.

I have a brother a little over two years older than me. It was during his fourteenth birthday party in 1975 that he had invited a school friend, Phillip, to come for a film and dinner. The film was *The Return of the Pink Panther*. We went to see the film at a movie theater. My parents had come too and my mother wanted me to sit next to her “just in case the film was too scary.” She and my father sat at the far end of the row, but I felt brave and adventurous. I sat second seat from the end near the aisle, between my brother at my left and Phillip at my right. \my brother wanted me to sit at the end of the row but just before the film started Phillip offered me his seat and we swapped. My brother was not happy that I was sitting next to him.

Yes, there were some scenes in the film that were a bit scary, including the very beginning of the film when the thief stole the Pink Panther Diamond and they started to shoot at the thief. When I took fright I tried to grab hold of my brother’s hand but he pushed my hand away. “Stop being such a baby,” he hissed at me. So I took hold of Phillip’s hand and he let me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that he was holding onto both arms of his seat and so I figured he found this part of the film a bit exciting too.

Unconsciously I squeezed tight on his hand. Then I heard him whisper into my ear “don’t be scared ... its only make-believe.” I turned my eyes to look at him and noticed a shadow in the front of his pants that had not been there a few minutes ago. Several times during the film when scary bits happened he let me grab onto his hand and squeeze and several times the shadow reappeared. I don’t think he knew I noticed this or if he did he did not mind I knew.

About half way through the film I felt a wetness between my legs. It was odd because I did not think I was trickling pee. It seemed a different wetness which started when Phillip let me hold his hand. So I had to get up and go to the washroom. I asked my brother to come with me, but he said no, so I got up and was about to go by myself when Phillip stood up to let me pass and then whispered “I will come with you.” So we both ventured into the lobby to the washrooms.

There was three of them. A girl’s, a boys’s and a family bathroom. I suddenly had the courage to grab Phillip’s hand and say “let’s go together into the family one.”

He smiled and said, “no ... you go ahead ... I will wait for you outside.”

“Don’t you have to go too?” I asked him.

“No ... I just figured you shouldn’t go to the washrooms all alone.”

So I went into the family bathroom and closed the door behind me but I did not lock it. I drew up my dress and opened the front of my panties and looked down. I tried to figure what was going on. My panties were wet but not in the front where I pee but at a place where I had never been wet before. The wetness didn't look or smell like pee, but like something very different. For a few seconds I just stared.

Then there was a knock at the door and my mother's voice. "Are you ok dear?" I put myself in order and then opened the door. There was my mother standing next to Phillip. I felt very self-conscious. My mother took charge. "Thanks for looking after Gisele. You're missing the film, why don't you go back?"

"Ok," he said and then smiled at me and walked back into the theater.

Mothers have a sixth sense about their children and I guess the worried look on my face told her something was on my mind. So she stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her. It took an awkward few seconds before I could explain to her what was going on. She smiled knowingly and said "that's natural. It happened when girls get excited. It's called gushing. It must be the film. Maybe we should just wait in the lobby until the film is over?"

I shook my head and blushed. My mother gave me a reassuring hug and continued ..."I guess it is almost time for me to explain the bird and the bees to you."

She looked into my eyes and then gave me a second hug. “Do you want to sit next to me?”

I now felt a frisson. “No ...” I shook my head vehemently. My pony tails swayed back and forth hitting me on the side of my face. “I will go back to my own seat.”

My mother chuckled. “You are not my little girl anymore, are you?”

I felt all warm on the inside and crossed my hands over the front of my dress. “Let’s go back then.” And so we did.

It took me only a few minutes for me to realize it was not the film that was making me gush but Phillip, for every time he let me hold his hand I felt my wetness time and time and time again.

Something was happening to him as well. When the film was over and we got up to leave Phillip kept his hands clasp in front of himself until he could put on his winter coat. It was a cold November day and snow was already on the ground. As we walked to the car my brother and Phillip started to talk about the film and I was pleasantly surprised when my brother’s friend asked me what I thought about the *The Return of the Pink Panther*.

I responded that “I like the fact that the thief at the beginning of the film was a girl.”

“You would,” my brother quipped, “for you it is all about girl stuff” trying to cut me down in size, but his friend said “that was a pleasant surprise. Sort of like *To Catch a Thief*.” It was just the right thing to say to not anger my brother while coming to my defence. He didn’t take sides but treated me as an equal.

“What film is that?” I wanted to pull Phillip away from my brother, for a few minutes at least. It worked!

“It’s a film from the 1950’s starring Cary Grant. Cary Grant is one of my favorite actors ... ”

I was about to ask him to tell more but we had gotten to the car and my father commanded “get in everyone.” We had to fight the traffic jam in the parking lot, then get onto a busy street before we could to drive the ten minutes to the restaurant. Once again I sat between my brother and his friend, this time in the back seat of our family car. My brother all but ignored me as he talked with his friend, but Phillip seemed to enjoy having me there for he didn’t mind that I pressed my right leg against his left one, or put my right foot next to his foot. I could not help but notice that he had both hands on his lap during the twenty minute drive to my parent’s favorite French Restaurant, *Michel’s*.

The whole drama of dinner was about to begin. When we got to *Michel’s* I wanted to once again sit between my brother and his friend but my brother said “stop being such a pest!”, so I sat on the right of Phillip, with my mother at my right. The waiter brought us the menus and everyone went ahead and

ordered their *usual* but Phillip had never been to *Michel's* and didn't know what to order. But he also didn't want to hold everyone up.

There was a kindness and politeness to Phillip that I did not see in my brother Raymond. My brother's foibles had made me begin to wonder whether boys are just too different to girls to get along. But I knew they could because most of the time my parents got along. They did argue from time to time, but not too often.

I was surprised when Phillip turned to me and asked "Gisele, what would you recommend I have for dinner?" My head was swimming and the wetness between my legs more noticeable. No one had ever asked me something like this before.

My brother got angry and said to Phillip "I am having the *boeuf au poivre*." Almost like he was commanding his friend to have the same.

"Oh, I imagine it is a good main course, but *boeuf au poivre* is a bit too spicy for my stomach. I am allergic to many things."

Oh my, I thought to myself, he was sharing some of his vulnerabilities. I found the courage to say to Philip "I usually have the Quiche Lorraine ..."

"Sounds good!" He closed his menus and told the waiter that it was his choice.

I felt further embolden. “You should try their Soup a l’Onion. It’s to die for!”

I said with abandon

“Ok.” He said this in a light musical way.

“If I order a Caesar Salad will you share it with me?” I don’t know why I said this but it sort of came out of my mouth all by itself. I turned to my mother and asked her if this was ok? She smiled and nodded.

“Sure, I might have a nibble or two,” he said then put his hand on mine. I gushed again. There was no doubt about it, it was Phillip was wetting my panties.

My brother is such a nerd. Now that the meal was ordered Raymond just had to talk science over dinner. My parents give him far too much freedom and me much less so. So off he went for a long five minutes, chemistry this, math that. I discovered that while they both had an interest in Mathematics, Phillip enjoyed physics and astronomy more than Chemistry. Still he could keep up with Raymond and his chemistry,

Then that was a pause and I saw my chance. I nervously asked Phillip about Gary Grant and he began to talk in a distinctive English accent which made me laugh hysterically. “Mind your manners at the table young lady” my father remarked. I had tripped over myself and before Raymond could utter another of his snide remarks the subject was changed.

I sensed Phillip was drifting towards boredom in his conversation with Raymond. When there was a pause in their conversation I tried my best to find something interesting to talk with Phillip about. But time and time again my brother cut us off.bb“Sis we’re talking,” my brother jeered at me.

I was about to get angry with him when I felt Phillips hand gently squeeze my thigh. I put my hand on his hand. Then the waiter arrived with our French Onion Soup and bread, with butter.

My brother had ordered *escargot* ... which shut him up. Figure the French to take the common garden snails, bake them in garlic and butter and then offer *les escargot* as a delicacy! Yuck! Yuck! Yuck! I turned away because I could not watch my brother eat his slugs! I don’t mind champignon, in butter and garlic, but I draw the line at eating garden creatures like frogs or snails

Phillip whispered to me “... best we let the soup cool a bit.” Then he said louder, “You wanted to ask me something?”

Phillip was taking notice of me! My mind went blank and I started to panic! I was usually not one lost for words but oh my God, for some reason, at that particular moment I was not able to say anything sensible. So I just said the first thing that came to mind. “Thanks for taking me to the washroom ...” Oh how silly of me!

He smiled an understanding smile. “Any time. That’s what friends are for.”

I gushed. He was a boy and I am a girl and we were friends! Does that make him my boyfriend, and me her girlfriend? For a split second a happy smile crossed his face as if he was reading my mind.

Then we both started to enjoy our soup. We both took our sweet time. My brother had slurped down his escargot and had butter dripping down his chin and onto his tie. My mother noticed this and told him to go to the men's room and clean himself up. He ignored what she had said and so my mother glared at my father. I was always prim and proper. My brother, on the other hand, was such a slob that at times I wondered if we were indeed siblings, and also wondered if all boys were slobs.

Reluctantly Raymond pushed himself back from the table and set off to the men's room. My mother sent my father to sort things out with him, leaving just her, Phillip and I at the table.

Then she did something awkward. "Are things ok my dear ... do you need to go to the ladies?"

I blushed. "I am fine mom!" I whispered to her.

"In that case I will go see what is up your brother." She got up leaving the two of us alone at the table. For an awkward few seconds we said nothing then we both sipped at our soups.

I glanced over at him and noticed that the napkin on his lap had formed a sort of tent. He noticed that I had noticed this and whispered to me “I am so sorry, I can’t get it to stop. It’s got a mind of its own.”

I gave out a subdued giggle and responded, “I noticed that at the movie theater.”

“You did, did you!”

In a fit of pique I nudged the corner of his napkin towards me with my fingers.

He turned to look at me with a worried look on his face. He put his hand on my hand. “Oh please don’t do that ...” he started to blush.

“Does this happen all the time?”

“No ... really it doesn’t. It’s just ...”

“Just what?”

“When you grabbed my hand in the movie theater ... that’s when it started.” I fought the urge to reach out and touch his “stiffy” which is what I heard one of my classmates call the boy thingy. One of my classmates at school has a baby brother. She said to me that boys have “stiffies” from the moment they are born and in fact that is what her brother had when he came into the world.

I had never seen what boys looks like, so I could only imagine what these were.

I was about to look down at his lap when I spied my mother approaching with my brother and father in tow. I whispered “I am excited too ...’ I leaned close to his ear and whispered. “I have been gushing since you held my hand,”

“Gushing?”

“Wetting my panties. That’s what girls do when they are excited”

His face went a lovely shade of crimson. “OH!” Then we both lowered our heads and returned to our French Onion soup.

I could tell my brother had been given a talking to by our father for when he took his seat he turned to me and apologized for being so rude to me. Even though it was his birthday my parents would not let him get away with being mean to me. The main courses arrived just as Phillip and I finished our soup. He started to chat with his Phillip. Then my brother clammed up as he was served his *boeuf au poivre*.

As I ate my quiche with the fork in my right hand I slowly moved my left hand off the table. When I was sure no one noticed what I was doing with my left hand I carefully began to pull the napkin off Phillip’s lap. He didn’t seem to mind. Phillip let me do it.

Phillip switched his fork from his right hand to his left then slowly moved his right hand off the table and set it atop my hand which was now on his leg. Then he drew a heart on the back of my hand with his finger and slowly returned his right hand back onto the table and switched his fork back to his right hand. I put my left hand back on the table too but not before I drew my dress up my left leg as an invitation to him. A few minutes later he took up my invitation and drew a heart on the inside of my leg half way between my knee and my panties. I gushed fulltime.

It was fun flirting with Phillip. I don't think anyone at the table had any clue what we were doing.

Then the empty dinner dishes were cleared and the cake came. While everyone was distracted on the cake I boldly took my hand and placed it atop his stiffy. He knew I was doing this but Phillip did not stop me. I could feel something through the cloth of his pants but what it was I could only imagine. We sang Raymond Happy Birthday and he blew out his fourteen candles, leaving none alight. I smiled for I knew my brother had no time for any girls in his life, not even a sister. Chemistry was his one and only girlfriend!

After a minute Phillip put his hand on mine, opened his legs and guided my hand down to between his legs then wrapped my fingers upwards. I suddenly understood there was much more to a boy than just one part! There were two of something down there! I jiggled my fingers back and forth and only stopped when I was handed my piece of cake.

My gush was now a flood. I hoped my panties could soak up all my wetness. I was so excited I nearly dropped the cake on the table. “Be careful dear ...” my mother said. If only she knew what my distraction was!

I was hoping Phillip would slip his hand off the table for if he had I would have taken hold and guided him right up between my legs so that he could tickle my softness. Time came to a slow. The throb of my sex marked the passage of seconds, then minutes ... but Phillip kept both his hands on the table.

We ate our cake in silence and before we knew it, it was time to go. We wanted to drive Phillip home but he said that he would be taking the bus and staying over at his grandparents that evening. As we stepped out into the cold November night I was very warm inside.

I sadly watched Phillip walk off in the dim light of the street. Then I gave my mother a big hug, because I felt the need for her to give me one in return. Then I took her hand and we walked behind my father and Raymond as they rushed to the car.

“You like Phillip don’t you?” How do mothers know such things?

“He’s nice,” I said nonchalantly. But it didn’t fool her. “I think he likes you too. I saw the blush on his face when the two of you were alone at the table.” My mother got into the back seat with me and let my brother take her seat in

the front. Then she let me sit on her lap as we drove home, hugging me the whole time as if she did not want to let me go. I was her little girl after all.

When we got home it was past ten and time to get ready for bed. My mother came into my room just as I was getting ready to put on my pajamas and said I should take a bath first. Then she walked with me into the bathroom and while I undressed she poured me a warm bath with bubbles.

Then she took a face cloth and wet it under the tap, rubbed some soap into it and handed it to me. “You are growing up so quickly ...”

When my mother started a sentence with “you are growing up so quickly ...” I knew she had something special to talk to me about.

“You want to tell me about babies and all that, don’t you?”

“I think it is time dear ... after all you are almost thirteen.”

“Maybe not tonight mom ... it’s late and I am tired.” I yawned, stepped into the bath and sat down in the warm water. The warm water felt so good against my sex. My legs had made a crevice in the soap bubbles so I pushed some bubbles over my legs to hide my nakedness. For some reason I was felt self-conscious of the fact I was naked. My mother had seen me naked many times before. Why was tonight so different.? My sex throbbed. Then I knew why. I was no longer just a little girl.

“Well ... ok. We will leave it for some other time dear. Here ... clean between your legs.” She handed me the face cloth. “Then rinse off with plenty of water from the tap. Make sure it is not too hot or you will hurt the sensitive parts of you.”

My mother closed the door. Suddenly I was all alone in a rather awkward spot for the door was unlocked. I got out of the tub, leaving behind wet footsteps on the floor mat. When I got to the door I decided not to lock it. It was a rule not to lock the bathroom door in our home just in case someone slipped and hit their head and drowned in the tub. One of our elderly dotting aunt did this and by the time they had forced the door she had expired. For a few seconds I just stood there naked dripping soapy water on the floor. I shivered and turned back to the warm water.

When I go back into the tub the moment the water once again touched my sex this sent a warm shiver down my spine. I looked down at myself and saw that I was fully aroused. It would have been next to impossible for my mother not to notice this.

It took me a moment to realize she knew how aroused I was but had left me to explore my sexuality all by myself. Never before had I washed myself between my legs with a wash cloth. Mom had given me one of her “one offs” wash cloths. It was a soft white cotton throw away wash cloth that she only used once then tossed in the garbage. I always wondered what she used them for. Now I figured it out.

As I looked at the soft white cotton I suddenly understood why they were “one ofs.” They were meant to wash the sensitive parts of a woman. Oh my! By giving me a “one of” was my mother saying I was now a woman? I also realized that mom had opened a new bar of soap, one of her rose scented ones, and had used it to lather up the “one of.” Even the bubble bath was her rose scented salts instead of my usual child’s strawberry balm. I guess in her eyes I was no longer just a girl.

I did not sit bath into the bath water but kneeled as I washed myself. The first touch of the cotton cloth tingled me. I suddenly had the urge to pee so I stepped out of the bath and sat on the toilet and emptied my bladder. Even this felt different. More so than usual I felt the urgent flow of water out of my bladder. I guess being so aroused with blood my sex was more sensitive than usually.

I looked down and at the crest of me projected a soft pink protrusion which I had never seen before. I touched it with my finger and the effect was pleasantly electric. I touched it again and it seemed to grow ever so bigger. When I did this I gushed and so I understood that while it had in the past been hidden away, at this moment it had come out of me because I am so aroused.

I flushed the toilet and got back into the bath. I heard the door handle jiggle. | Is anyone in there?” It was my brother!

“I am in the bath tub.”

“I need to pee.”

“You had your chance ... before I got in the tub.”

“How long will you be?”

How could I really answer that? So I said, “g pose mom and dad’s.”

“Can’t ...

“Why not?” I knew where this was going so I sat in the bath and covered myself with as many bubbles as I could.

“Mom’s is taking a bath.” The penny dropped. He was coming in!

“So am I ... you just have to wait!”

“I am coming in ...”

“No ... don’t come in!” That didn’t stop Raymond. The door opened tentatively and I screamed “dad!” Raymond has done this to me so many times this is the reason why I always pour myself a bubble bath.

In a split second my dad appeared at the door and said ...”let him pee then he will leave you be. Just close your eyes. ”

What could I do? Raymond stepped inside and my father disappeared. I turned my head as I always did, but this time I decided not to close my eyes. Out of the corner of my eye I could see something pink that he was holding with both his hands that looked like his thumb without a nail. At from the tip of it arced a stream of yellow pee. I only saw a centimeter or so of its tip but it was still a revelation. Then he shook it to get rid of the last drops of pee and when he did this I could see that unlike his thumb which was stiff, his “stiffy” was actually quite flexible.

In a blink he was out of the bathroom, forgetting to flush to toilet, which was one of his many bad habits. He also let the door ajar to annoy me. I got ip out of the tub, flushed to toilet then walked to the door, pushed it shut and locked it. Then I went back to the tub but decided not to sit in the water but to stand and wash myself.

By now the wash cloth was no longer warm. Its cold touch against my sensitive skin caused me to shudder. I touched the little pinkness of me through the cold cloth and shuddered a second time, this instant with more intensity. It was so refreshing that I decided not to warm the cloth but continue to use its coldness to stimulate me.

Recently my mother caught me masturbating in my bedroom late at night. She had crept in because she heard an unusual muffled sound. I was on my stomach tickling myself and had my face in my pillow. As I passed the cold wash cloth across my sex it was having the same effect but I did not have a

pillow to muffle my joy so I stopped washing my sex just when I was about to lose my composure.

I sat back down in the bubble bath and the warm water against my sex caused it to throb even more uniquely. First one moment cold and the next moment warm! I tingled electrically. Like earlier this evening, I was now feeling sensations I had never felt before. Press on I thought, press on. It was all undiscovered these feelings!

I pulled the plug and let the tub begin to drain. Then I looked at spigot and for the first time saw it as something masculine and anthropomorphic. I grabbed the knob and paused while I decided on a water temperature. It would make sense to turn the knob to warm but what I was doing now did not make much sense. Instead I turned the tap water to cold, set a dribble a flow and let the frigid water trickled across my sex. The outside of me winced while deep inside of me I felt something convulse.

We are talking deep inside of me. The convulsions grew and grew while they passed from deep inside of me to the outside of me in the biggest involuntary gush I had yet experienced. I let out an involuntary sigh that must have been heard throughout our house. Then I turned up the flow of cold water and my body responded in kind. My whole-self began to shake and I could feel my heart racing. I was having my first orgasm. Perhaps it is the power that boys now have over me?

Boy Have I Been a Naughty Girl by Laura

I admit I have been a naughty girl. My parents are traditional. They think little girls should be proper and nice. They should only speak when spoken to by an elder. They should sit up straight at the table and eat their vegetables. They should think nice thoughts and well ... you know ... wait until they are married to 'do it.'

But then every school day I am around classmates whose parents allow them to think a different way. It is hard to be nice and proper when the many people I spend my days with are not always as good as I am supposed to be.

I have a Chinese heritage and am the only child. My father had hoped for a baby boy when China had a one child policy, and was disappointed when I arrived. Now that the one child policy has changed my mother tells him she is too old and tired to provide him with a son. My father keeps on asking her but my mother keeps on saying "one child is enough." When I hear this I wonder if I have been a terrible burden on my parents, and whether my father might want to trade me in for a boy. He says 'hurry up and get married and give me a grandson' ... talk about pressure!

I just don't understand what's up with Chinese parents and their wanting sons. Some of my parent's friends have boys and well, to be perfectly honest I don't think they are as grown up and independent as I am. Their parents doddle over their sons, much more than my parents doddle over me because I am a girl.

Some of my Canadian friends have brothers, some who are younger and some who are older than we are. I steer clear of the older boys because they only have three things on their mind, drinking, having fun and ... having fun with girls. And you know the kind of fun they want with girls don't you. It was always easy to see how aroused they are by the bumps in their pants.

And why do they always want to put their hands down the front of my panties. More than once to stop them I have had to say "not today, I am menstruating. Your hand will be covered in blood!" Now I have the reputation of being constantly in misery.

So the older boys now leave me alone. I don't mind the younger ones. Sometimes my friends let their younger brothers tag along when we do things together like going shopping, or to a movie. For me it is funny to watch the behavior of their younger brothers. These young boys do such silly things or act in such silly ways. I don't remember when we were their age that my girlfriends and I ever acted so silly.

Most of the times my girlfriends leave me alone, but now that spring is here there are starting to tease me. My friends are now teasing me because I have never done it with a boy, or even touched one, or done the hand or the oral thingy. I can understand why touching would be a thrill, but pumping their thingy or licking it till he squirts icky gooey stuff ... what's there to be found in this? I would rather have a Dairy Queen Sunday please.

I have not even kissed a boy, except my father and an uncle, but that doesn't really count does it. Besides I kissed them on the cheek. My girlfriends and I have done the practice thing as far as kissing is concerned. Smooching they call it. OMG!

At one of my sleep overs last summer my closest friend pushed me into ... doing it ... in a way that only two girls can do it. She being more experienced than I am explained to whole 'doing it' thing. She literally did push me, sitting on top of me while she unbuttoned the top of my p j's and tickled and caressed my breasts. I struggled just enough so that if someone asked I could say I did.

I was frightened to begin with but in a few minutes my body tingled and she knew it. Then she pulled my p j pants down off of me and slipped out of hers and buried her lips over my ... I don't know what to call it. It felt so good to feel her warm and soft kisses. I was worried she might break my hymen. But she was very careful. My body came alive and I had my first ever orgasm.

Then she asked me to do the same things to her and awkwardly I did. She tasted different than I do. I have pleased myself often enough to know how I tasted. As I struggled she told me what she wanted me to do. It took her much longer than I had to get excited. Then she suddenly shuddered. I had given her an orgasm too.

After it was all over we cuddled, and I don't think I have felt so close to another person like I felt at that special moment. Then we talked. What surprised her is that I am not in a big hurry to have sex with a boy. Just the

idea that girls let boys put their ... thingy ... inside a girl so they can leave behind some icky gooeey stuff freaks me out. It's bad enough that once a month I have to bleed from there, but honestly, that's enough trouble for me!

What really upset my best girlfriend the most is that I have not even seen what a boy looks like in real life. I have seen pictures and films with naked men in them. The pictures and movies of naked men stir something inside of me, so I don't just only like girls. But I told her I get most of my pleasures, well, you know, late at night when I am alone and can't sleep. She said half of her girlfriends admit to pleasing themselves, while the other half are 'doing it' with the boys.

A few months later on a school day at noon my best girlfriend grabbed me by the arm and said "follow me ... you're skipping and coming to drawing class."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have a male model for life drawing today and he is going to be naked!"

"I don't think I should come, I'll get in trouble! Besides the teacher won't let me in."

"You took her drawing class last term. Didn't you miss the day they had a model?"

"Yes, I was sick at home with a cold."

“I think she’ll say its fine because you missed last time they had a model.

“But last time it was a woman ...”

“And this year it’s a man! Come on ... this will be the first time you’ll see what boys looks like.”

She would not let go of my arm so I just let her drag me along. There was a sign on the studio door that said ‘do not enter drawing class in session.’ That didn’t stop her. She just knocked. When there was no answer she knocked again and again until the door swung open and there stood a man dress in a white robe wearing flip flops.

“I think you are a little early aren’t you?,” he said.

That didn’t stop my friend, she just smiled and pushed past him and the man had no choice but to let us both in. He closed the door behind us.

“The teacher is not here yet.” He said this quietly. “She won’t be back for another forty five minutes.”

My friend was bold beyond words. Pointing at me she said, “she has never seen a naked man before.”

He turned to me and said. “So today in life drawing class this will be your first time?” He said this more as a statement than a question.

“Well, I am not really in today’s class. But she is.” I pointed to my friend.

Without asking she grabbed one end of the belt of the man’s robe. There was an awkward silence. He didn’t stop her, so she took a step back, tugging on the belt and the robe opened. He stayed silent, letting his robe slide down off his shoulders and fall to the floor in a mound at his feet.

Then there in front of me was a naked man. My friend giggled. “Aren’t you glad you came?”

My heart was pounding. I had stopped breathing. I struggled to find the words.

Slowly he turned around to let me see all of him. He was beautiful.

By the time he had turned back to face me my friend had taken out her cellphone and was taking a picture of him and his naughty bits. He was not fast enough to stop her.

He hurried put his robe back on and said “you better erase that or we will all be in trouble.”

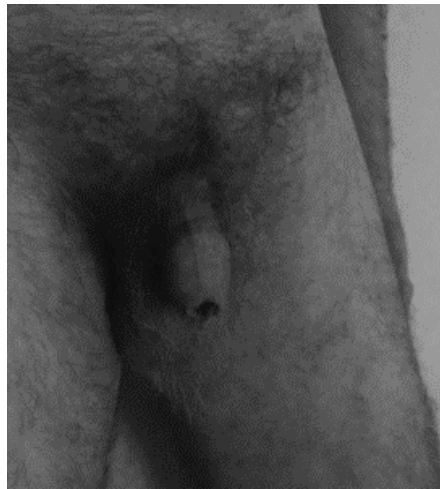
When he said this I had visions of my parents finding out I had been a naughty girl. I lost my nerve and said “I am going ...” and flew from the room.

A few minutes later my friend texted me. “Where are you?”

I didn’t answer.

“Its ok ... he’s not angry. You can come back.”

Again I didn’t answer. A minute later she sent me a picture she had taken of him.



Oh my god! My heart skipped a beat. I texted back. “I am not coming. I can’t ...”

“Why?”

“I just can’t ...”

“Why then?”

I wished she would just let the whole matter drop! But she didn’t.

“Are you afraid?”

“No ...”

“Embarrassed?”

“No ...”

“Aroused?”

“Yes ...very.” I was very aroused. I was in the girl’s bathroom fingering myself.

“What’s wrong with being aroused?”

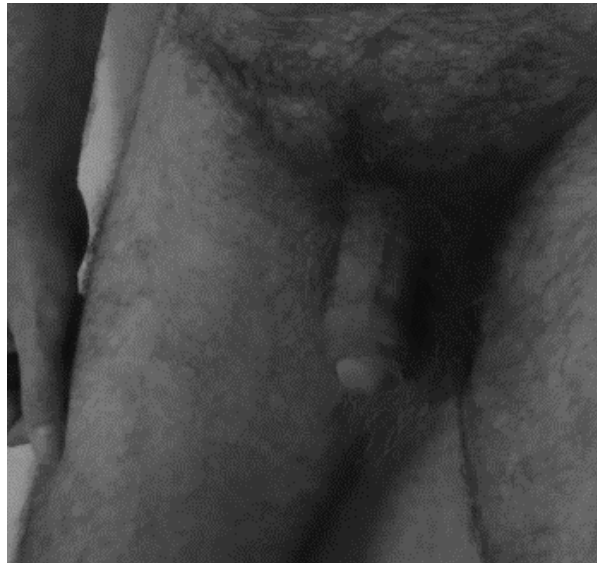
“I won’t be able to concentrate and draw.”

“So? I don’t think any of the girls in the class will. We’ll just wet our panties ...”

I was happy when the bell rang, announcing the end of lunch. I texted her “enjoy your drawing ...I am going to class.”

I went to Home Economics instead of the drawing class but I could not keep my mind on the sewing project I was working on, pricking my fingers several times and drawing blood more than once. My sex throbbed.

All during that hour my friend kept on texting me with the progress of the drawing class. And sending me pictures too! She knew exactly what she was doing to me.



I could feel my face getting warm as I began to blush. The pictures she was sending me was taking me through the different states of his arousal ...



... and mine as well!

After several more messages and pictures my teacher saw I was distracted and said “shall I take away your phone? You know the rule about cellphones in class.”

I texted my friend to say “I need to concentrate on my sewing project” and that I was turning my phone off. I kept my cellphone off the rest of the afternoon at school and didn’t turn it back on until I got home. I was too aroused.

An hour after school I texted my friend to say “I am sorry I had to run off.” I felt bold enough to tell her “I went to pleasure myself ...I was so aroused.”

She answered back. “You should have stayed, you would have seen more. My panties are still wet!” She sent me another picture. I wondered how she was able to take such spicy photos. Oh my god was I aroused!



I was alone in my room. I got up and locked the door. I took off my school uniform. When I took my bra off my nipples were hard. My panties were wet.

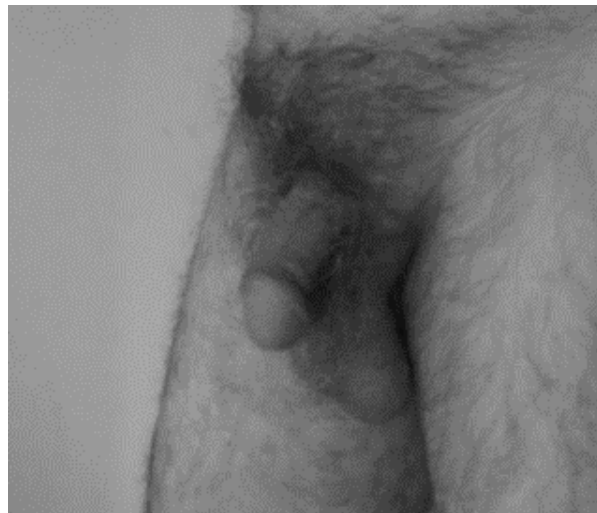
I stacked four pillows at the head of my bed and was now leaning back hard against the pillows, completely and unashamedly naked, with my legs spread very wide apart. I turned my bedroom lights off and the only glow was from my cellphone which I had placed between my legs propped up on my rolled up p j s. I began to please myself in the way that I knew best aroused me.

My back grew ever so hot against the pillows. My fingers began to get thick and viscid with my excitement. A few days ago I had ovulated and I was starting to thicken as my prelude to menstruation.

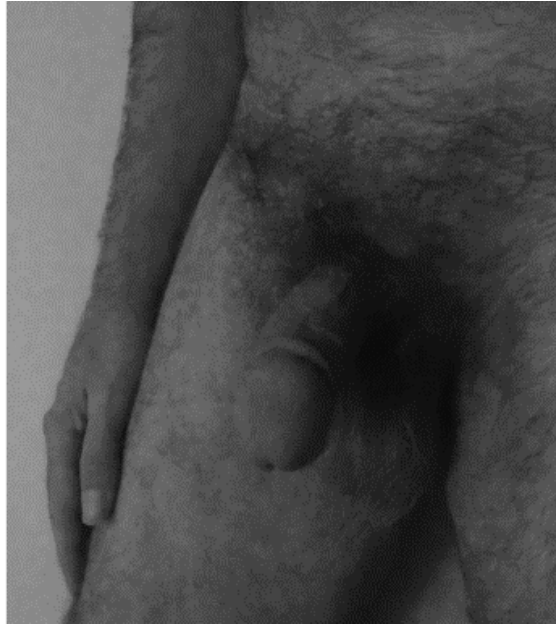
My friend somehow knew what I was doing and slowly sent me more pictures ...one after another ... to edge me on.



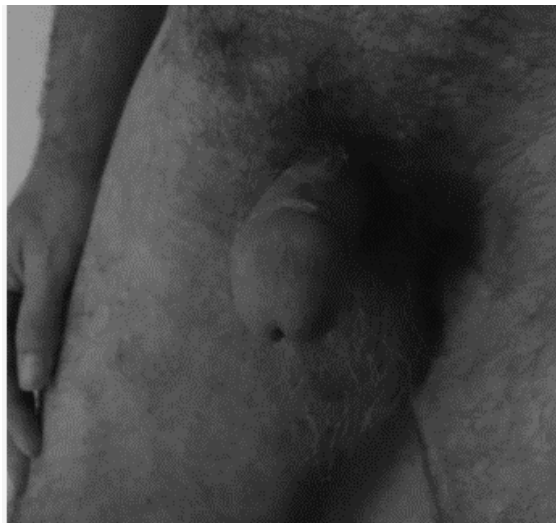
And a few minutes later ... I watched as he grew ...



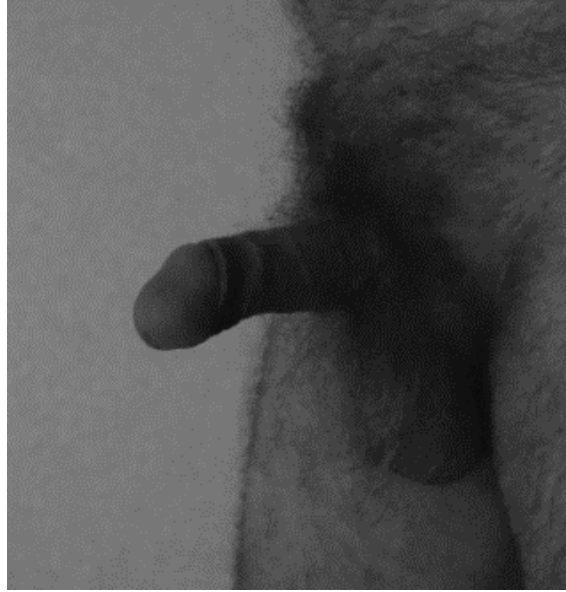
And grew ... imagining him there in front of me.



It was fascinating. I wish I had stayed and enjoyed this in person. But then I would not be able to find the pleasure I enjoyed in this moment.



In a few minutes I think my sex was as red and aroused as his was! Then he was erect!



As I pleased myself I felt my fingers curl inwards and into me. Then my fingernail caught some skin and I felt a twitch of pain. When I looked down at my hand I could see a trickle of blood. That didn't stop me.

I closed my eyes and pressed on. I was being a very naughty girl. Then I came with a gush. I had to put my hand over my mouth to stifle my orgasmic joy.

After I was finished I texted my friend to tell her how wonderful I felt and to thank her for arousing me. Then I asked her how she got to take the pictures. "Cellphones are not allowed during class time!"

She sent me a kissy-kissy emoji with the words "you figure it out ... " then she sent me one last picture ... OMG are boys funny looking.



“He is really quite nice ... he says he likes sitting for art students. I have asked him whether he will sit for just the two of us this Saturday ... interested?”

“AM I! ... WHEN & WHERE!”

It was only then that I noticed I had smeared blood all over the face of my cellphone. When I turned the light on I saw I had bled all over my bed sheets. I was a week away from my next period. How was I going to explain this to my mother without attracting suspicion? Frantically I texted my friend and asked her what I should do.

“Gather up the bed sheets and wrapped them in a plastic bag and hide it in your closet. Then, put on new bed sheets. When you have your next period put them back on your bed and no one will suspect a thing!” I did exactly what she said.

Then I had a hot shower to wash the blood off. While I was under the shower all I could think about were the pictures! Soaping myself made the feeling more intense. I had another orgasm. This time I did not stifle my happiness.

Boy, have I been a naughty girl!

Baseball Crazy by Aki

My father was very disappointed when I was born. My parents knew they could only afford one child and my father had hoped I would be a boy. But ... well ... what can I say? I am me!

For my first birthday my father gave me a plastic baseball and bat. My birthday cake had a baseball diamond on it. Can you guess where I am going with my story? Yes, my father is baseball crazy. He had worked hard in high school and college to make it to the Japanese major leagues as a short stop but his batting was not so hot, and in a country of short people, there are plenty of short stops to choose from. By the way I am short too, but a bit taller than both my parents. I play short stop.

As I grew up my mother hoped I would enjoy ballet and girly things. She said how beautiful I looked in a Kimono. She taught me the tea ceremony. But to the annoyance of my mother my father took to playing baseball with me any occasion he had and so I grew up as a tom boy. I wore jeans more often than dresses.

At school the girls did not see me as one of them because I was a tom boy and the boys ... well boys are boys, aren't they. They really did not like the fact that I played baseball. They liked even less that I was better at baseball than almost all of them. They bullied me on any occasion they could and most times they would not let me play with them until one day they watched me hit not one, not two, not three ... but four home runs in a game. The pitchers

were trying very hard to strike me out, but the better they threw the easier it was for me to bat their balls right out of the ball park.

Sometimes at school the boys let me pitch. I wondered why since I am not so good a pitcher? (the manga is from Sailor Fuku – I wore the same type of uniform). To find out why they let me pitch one day I pitched without panties and watched what happened! OMG the cheers! That changed everything.



Now when we played baseball the boys wanted me to play short stop for them. Then I found out some girls from my school enjoyed the fact I was so good at baseball and they would come to watch me play and put the boys in their place. Girls have better hand eye coordination than boys and faster reflexes. Hardly a game would pass that I did not hit one or two home runs.

There are a few other manga that depict girls playing baseball. I enjoyed reading them in high school. I took to wearing shorts when I played. No more dresses for me.



When I graduated from high school I went to university for two years in Japan. During those two years I was so busy that I did not have much time to do more than just watch the occasional baseball game on television.

Several of my high school friends had decided they wanted to go to Vancouver to study English so I decided to join them. We shared an apartment in Vancouver for two years. While I was in Vancouver I found the time to play some baseball games with other women. But to be honest I found playing women's baseball in Vancouver not so challenging, so one afternoon while I was hanging around a baseball field the boys were short a short stop. They

invited me play. It was that afternoon that I made my reputation when I hit four homeruns and we won our game twelve to two. I brought in eight of the runs, including one when the bases were loaded. After that I started to receive invitations to play twice and sometimes three times a week.

After I was finished my classes last December I stayed a few weeks longer in Vancouver just to play baseball. The weather was cold and wet but I managed to play seven games in eight weeks. At my last game at a baseball field in West Vancouver in March I invited a friend to come and watch me play. That final game, a game organized on my behalf by my baseball friends, was rather special because the two teams knew it would be my last game in Vancouver and so they invited me to play for both teams.

On my last game in Vancouver I played the first half of the game for one team and hit a solo home run in the third inning. Then I joined the other team and did a solo home run for them at eighth inning. In both cases I managed to rip the hide off the baseballs. They had never seen a woman rip the hide off any baseballs! I gave one of these precious balls to my Vancouver friend as a souvenir.

After the game we went to a pub and ate tacos and drank beer (we don't eat tacos in Japan but we do enjoy our beer).

I am now back in Japan and miss playing baseball with boys. Women in Japan don't play baseball and if they do they have a certain reputation! What would

you call them in Canada – a butch? But I am not a butch ... I am just a girl who likes baseball.

I know I will regret sharing this picture but you are only young once. My friend Yuki took this picture of me. I am wearing a cat's mask. Do you like my muscles?



Perhaps if I decide to get married and have a baby boy I will teach him how to play baseball. If I have a baby girl maybe it will be the tea ceremony.

What do you think?

When I was a Little Girl by Isabella Montsouris

A few weeks ago I was helping my mother clean out a closet in our old home. She is getting ready to sell it and retire to a small apartment. It is hard to say goodbye to familiar surroundings. Our old house is where I grew up. In the closet we found an old shoe box with some pictures my mother took of me when I was a little girl.

This is one of her favorite pictures. I am three and we are at the beach. I am making foot prints in the sand. I don't remember doing this.



The next picture she showed me I am barely four and I am sitting on the back stairs playing with a black kitten Charbon, with his mother looking on. The other cats in the litter were white like their mother, but Charbon was pure black. If you look closely you can see that I am talking to Charbon. I even

remember what I am saying “... don’t be scared.” I am trying to get him to walk over to me.



He kept on pacing nervously back and forth until his mother walked behind him and nudged him and he sort of tumbled into my waiting hands and meowed in annoyance. I remember setting him on my lap to pet him and when he decided to leap off me his claws scratched me.

As a little girl I use to run around *sans habillement* whenever I could during the summer in our backyard. We had a tall fence around our back yard and so no one on the other side could catch me being so cheeky.

Here I am jumping from my favorite tree into the soft sand of my sand box. I think I was six at the time. The feeling of the cold soft sand against my sex and backside was very pleasurable!

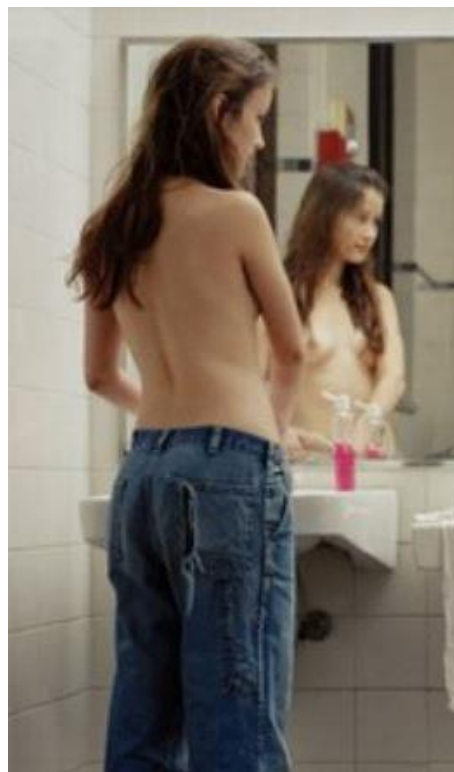


The next picture my mother showed me I vaguely remember. I think I was ten at the time. We were on a camping trip. The boy next to me is KT.



You might remember KT as the boy whose testicles did not drop on their own (the doctors had to later help him with this). If you look you will see his scrotum is empty and he is very tiny for a boy his age.

This next picture my mother showed me she took of me was a few years older and when I was becoming self-conscious. My breasts were filling out and my hips were forming. I was no longer her little girl.



I was fourteen at the time my mother took this picture of me in my jeans. It is unbelievable that ten years had passed between the picture of me with my kitten and me as a teenager.

Now that Covid is over we have been able to travel once again. We went on a trip to Hawaii during Christmas and while I was floating in the ocean at an empty beach my mother convinced me to take off my bikini so she could photograph me. I am holding my top in my right hand and my bottoms in my left. The feeling of the warm sun against my naked body was wonderful. Why do we have to wear bathing suits? Why can we not just swim naked?



I should tell you that my mother is an artist. I have grown up around male and female figurative models. I understand my mother's artistic sensibilities. So I let her take photographs. Maybe one day she will publish her photographs?

This year I turn twenty four. Why ... dear God ... do we have to grow up? It was so much more fun being a little girl of four than a girl of twenty four.

Returning to the Moon with a Modern LEM by Patrick Bruskiewich

The Artemis Project

The Artemis Project is a follow up to the earlier Apollo Program which saw humans visit the surface of the moon in the later 1960's and early 1970's. The launch vehicle for Artemis is the SLS which extensively reuses Space Shuttle technology such as the RS-25 rocket motors, the cryogenic main tank technology as well as the solid rocket boosters. Following the same philosophy it is recommended that an improved version of the Lunar Excursion Module (LEM) design from Project Apollo be design-built reusing the original design but modern lightweight materials and modern electronics to land the first Artemis crews onto the Lunar Surface. If such a design-built is started in 2023 a LEM could be ready for lunar landings by 2028.

The Orion Capsule

When the Orion capsule was being design-built the technology developed for the crew capsule from Apollo was modernized.¹ In 2014 an unmanned Orion capsule was sent into LEO for a first validation.² In late 2022 as part of Artemis -1 the Orion capsule was sent on a flight to the moon and back for a second validation. The Orion Capsule has the same shape as the Apollo capsule but is larger, designed to accommodate twice as many astronauts and more cargo than the Apollo Capsule.

| Spacecraft | Max Crew Size | Full Mass (kg) | Volume (m ³) |
|------------|------------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Apollo | 3 | 5,560 | 10.4 |
| Artemis | 6 | 10,400 | 20 |

Table 1: Comparison of Apollo and Orion Spacecraft

The Space Launch System

Apollo was launched to the moon using the Saturn V launch vehicle. The Saturn V was used from 1968 to 1973. ³

The *Space Launch System* was design-built using the philosophy that the RS-25 rocket motors, their cryogenic fuel tanks and solid rocket booster technology from the very successful Space Shuttle program could be updated and re-tasked into a powerful booster for lunar and mars exploration.⁴ Development of the SLS was begun in 2011 the same year the Space Shuttle was retired. It took eleven years to ready SLS for its first flight in 2022. The SLS is more capable than the Saturn V.

The first launch of the SLS in November 2022 was a full up test of the launch system as well as the command and service module. This mission was designated Artemis -1 and was an un-crewed mission to and from the moon. The first launch of the SLS used four recycled RS-25 motors that had previously been used to launch previous Space Shuttle missions to LEO. The Artemis-1 flight was a complete success.

The design-build of the SLS using reliable Space Shuttle technology was a wise decision and has produced the most powerful launcher ever built.

| Spacecraft | First Stage Motors | Launch Mass (kg) | Mass to Moon (kg) |
|------------|-----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| Saturn V | 5 | 2,965,000 | 43,500 |
| SLS | 4 | 2,700,000 | 46,000 (future) |

Table 2: Comparison of Saturn V and Space Launch System

You will note the use of modern materials and electronic has reduced the mass of the SLS compared to the Saturn V, and has increased the payload to the moon.

The Apollo LEM

The Apollo moon landings were made possible by the decision to use the Lunar Orbit Rendezvous approach as recommended by Dr. John Houbolt of NASA. The Apollo Command and Service Module (CSM) with one astronaut remained in lunar orbit while the Lunar Excursion Module (the LEM) with two astronauts was landed on the moon. After the completed landing the ascent stage of the LEM rendezvoused with the CSM in lunar orbit and then the three astronauts returned to Earth.

The LEM was a two stage vehicle with a lower stage, the descent stage, and an upper stage, the ascent stage. ³ After landing on the lunar surface, the descent stage acted as the launch platform for the ascent stage (refer to Fig. 1).

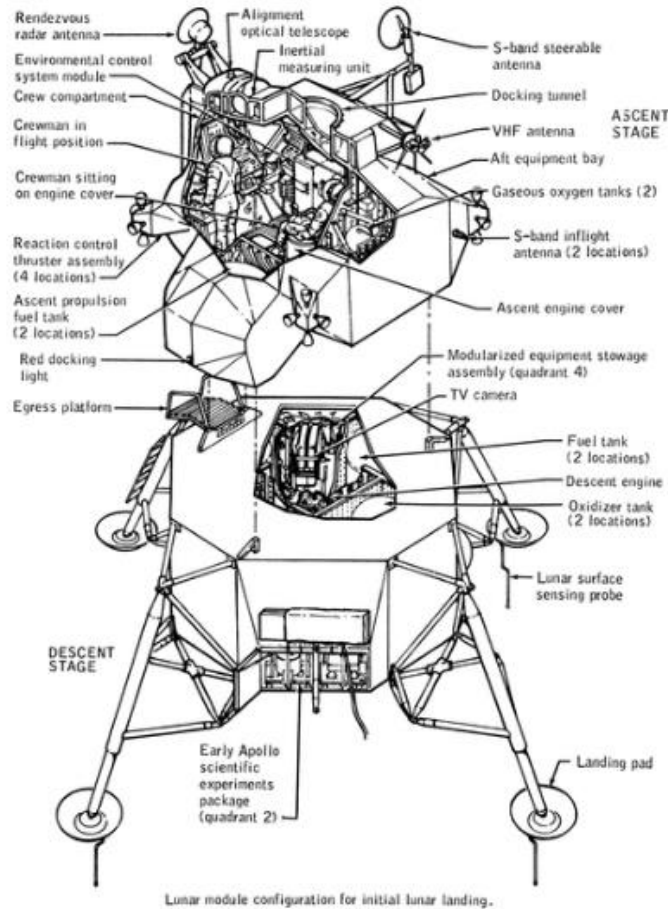


Fig. 1: The Ascent and Descent Stage of the Apollo LEM

The rocket motors used storable hypergolic propellants that ignited upon mixing. The rocket motors were throttleable and were re-lightable.

As a habitat the LEM had batteries with finite lifetimes as well as consumables like oxygen and water and had a maximum lunar surface time of around 125 to 150 hours. A later version of the LEM brought an electric vehicle to the moon, the lunar rover, which extended to area over which the two astronauts could explore.

The next SLS launch and the Artemis – 2 missions is scheduled for late 2024 or early 2025. While efforts are underway to build a new lunar landing system, it appears that the timeline for completion and validation of these new systems places a NASA manned landing on the moon sometime in 2030.

In 1972 three of the last Apollo missions were cancelled by the Nixon Administration for financial reasons and as a result there are three LEM vehicles that were built and are now on extended loan at museums in the United States.

It is recommended these three LEM systems be returned to NASA, disassembled and assayed as to their flight worthiness. Perhaps the descent stage systems are flight worthy. Perhaps both NASA and Grumman can dust off their as-built drawings for the LEM and undertake a modernization using modern materials and electronics. Perhaps a refurbished unmanned LEM can be launched for a landing on the moon in 2026. These systems can either reuse the existing hypergolic rocket motors or use new cryogenic motors instead (eg. RS -18). This could be a lunar habitat test bed.

Perhaps a new and modernized, crewed two man LEM could be ready for a lunar landing by early 2028. This system could be built from scratch. At the very least, a modernized LEM, with only a descent stage, could serve as an unmanned landing system for provisioning of consumables, as well as a habitable structure. The modernized LEM could be powered with photovoltaic cells and batteries. Crewed LEMS could be used as safety and service vehicles for a lunar habitat.

Building a dozen modernized LEMS should be possible for around \$ 2.5 billion in 2023 dollars. The LEM worked very well and so it would be a wise decision to reuse a modernized version of this system as a first step in the eventual habitation of the moon. It is a good philosophy to reuse technology that has already been validated.

References:

- 1)) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apollo_command_and_service_module
- 2)) Refer to: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orion_\(spacecraft\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Orion_(spacecraft))
- 3)) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saturn_V
- 4)) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Space_Launch_System
- 5)) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apollo_Lunar_Module

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Pictorial: How Now! My Little Chickadee



Art Works from the Modern Era

Our Splendid Minotaur by Reiko

[**Vancouver**] For the past two years I was in Vancouver taking courses and studying to improve my English. Lucky for me I was able to share an apartment with three of my high school friends – my older sister Keiko, an older friend Yuki and my friend Aki. While we were living in Vancouver we met many interesting and kind friends. We are all now back in Japan.

It was Yuki who introduced us to the Minotaur. She had met him at the Main Branch of the Vancouver Public Library. He was sitting reading an interesting book about Pablo Picasso and Minotaur art. Yuki struck up a conversation with him and they discussed Pablo Picasso (Yuki's favorite artist). That very afternoon Yuki invited him to join the four of us for dinner. It was over dinner that he told us that he sometimes sits for his artist friends when they want to do art. We asked if he would sit for us. Over the next six months all four of us did art with him. Yuki even did a very unique university project with him!

Since I cannot draw or paint or sculpt very well he let me take photographs of him as a Minotaur. What struck me as being very special is that he is very shy ... when I finally convinced him to take off his loin cloth, he would not let me photograph him ... completely. It was only when I set the camera down that he became less modest.

Let me tell you he is our splendid Minotaur!





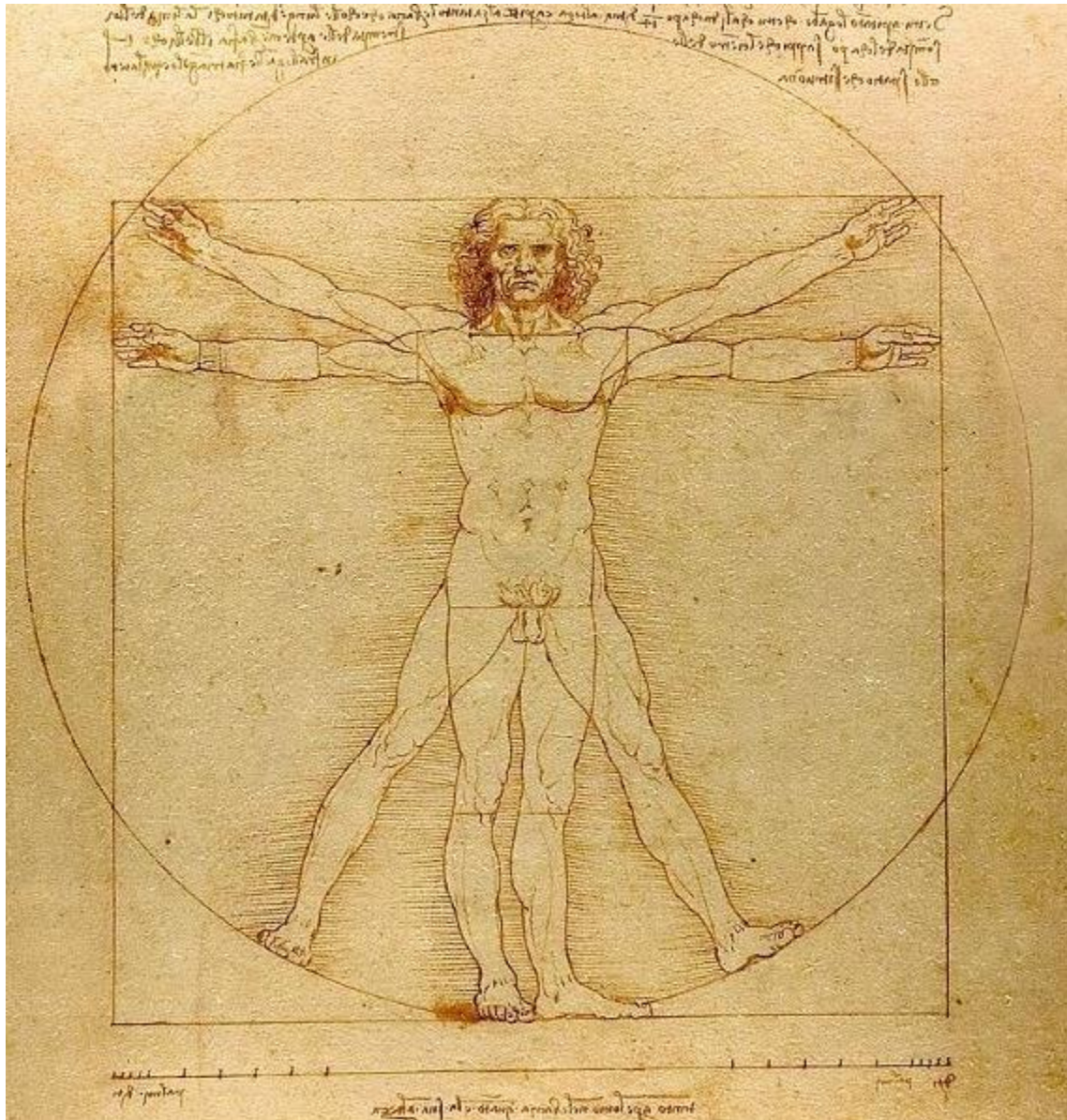


In return for letting me photograph him I asked him to photograph me. He said he would take only one picture. What he suggested was very unique. He asked me to blindfold myself and then take off my kimono then he took a single picture of me with my cellphone. *“This picture is just for you”* he said.

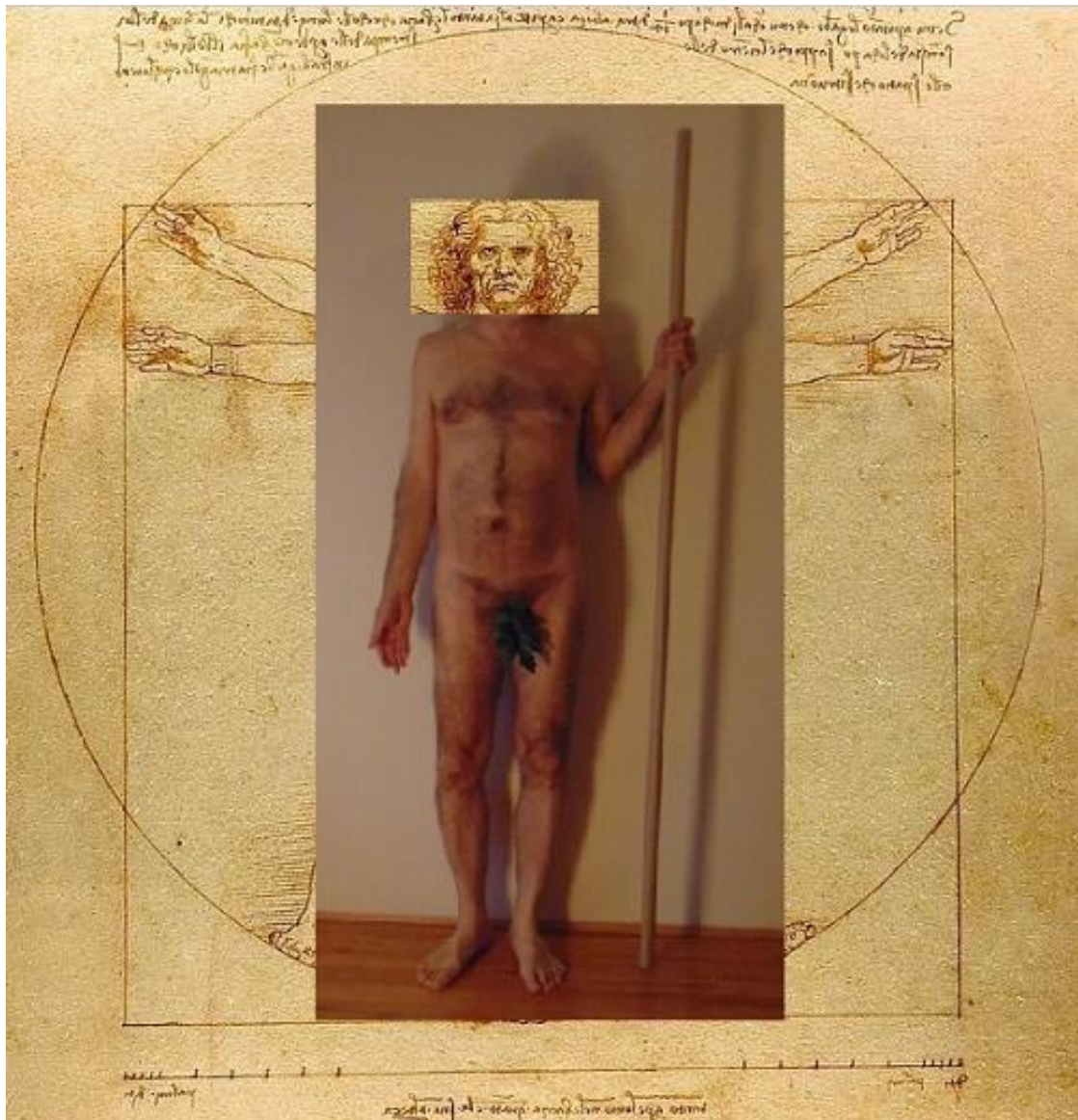


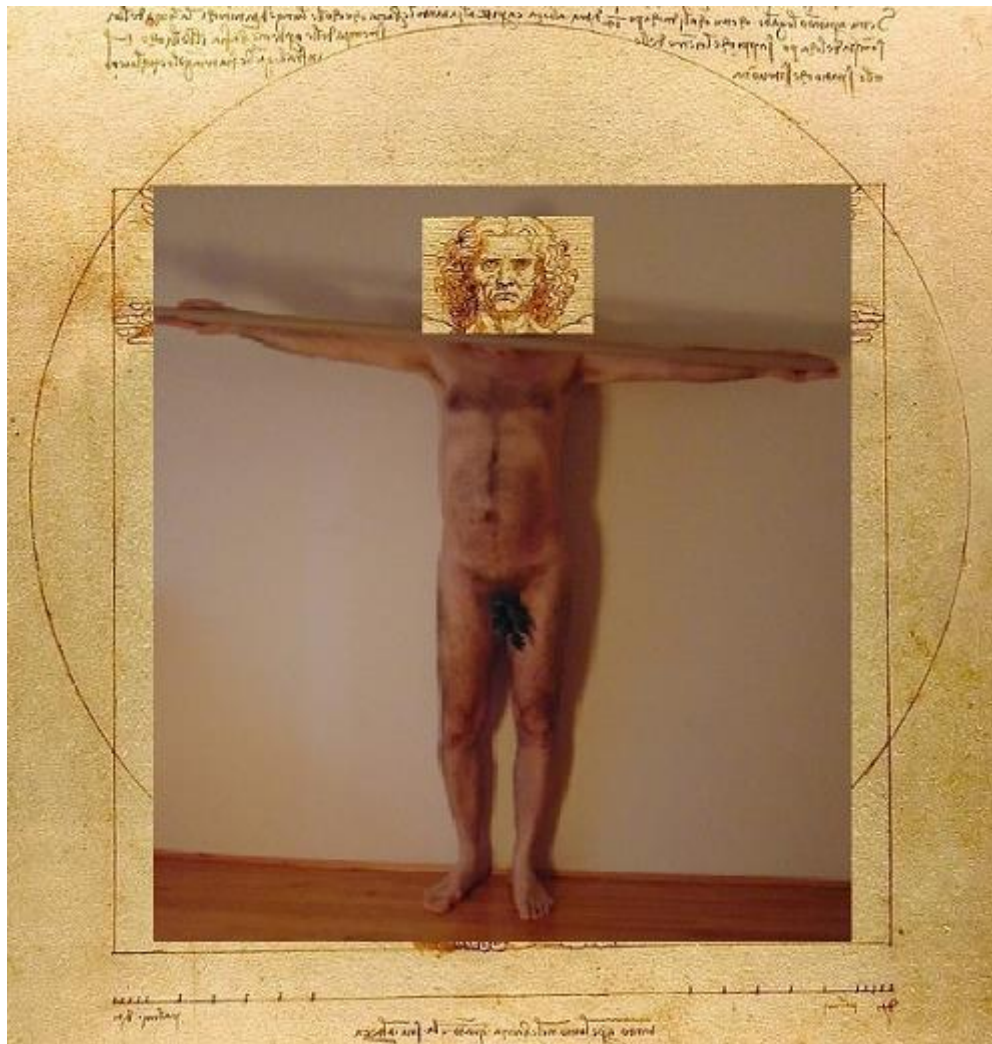
I have decided to share with you the beautiful picture he took of me.

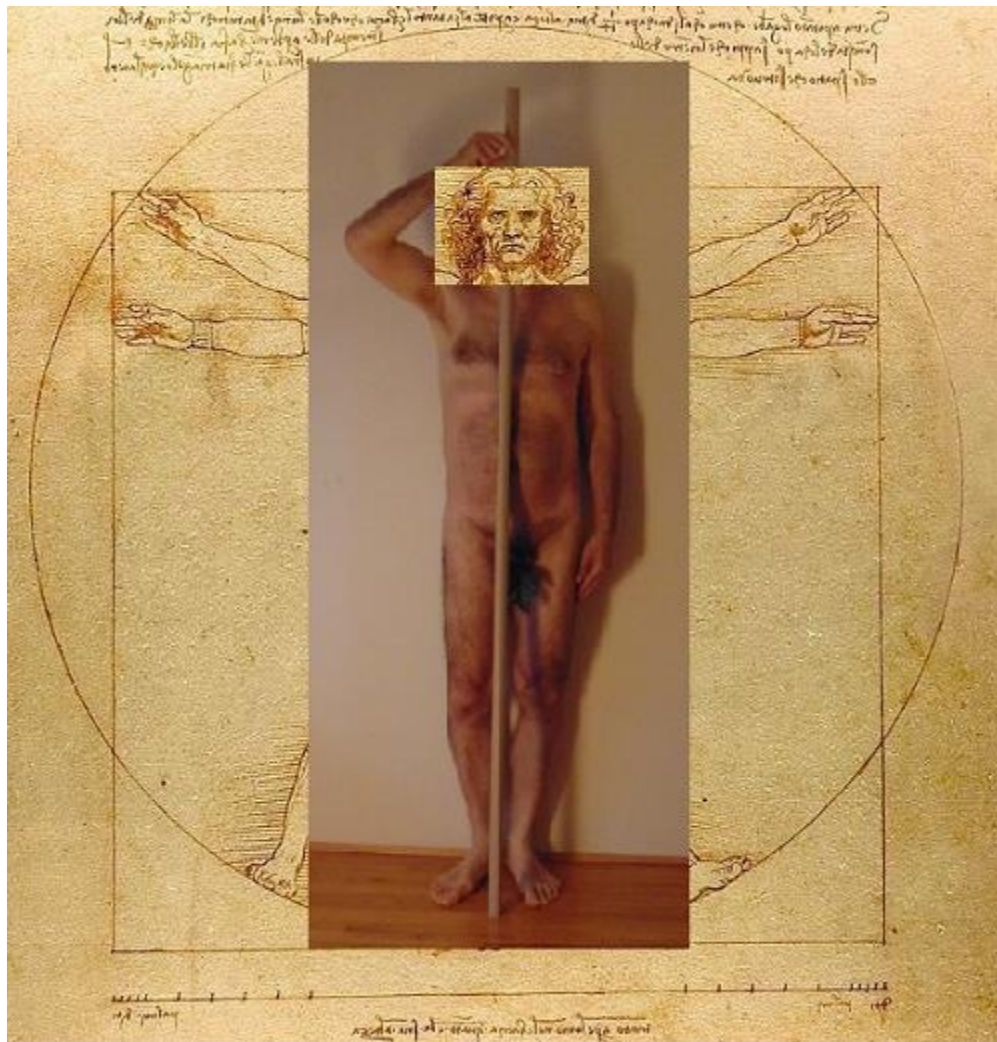
Vitruvian Man by Keiko

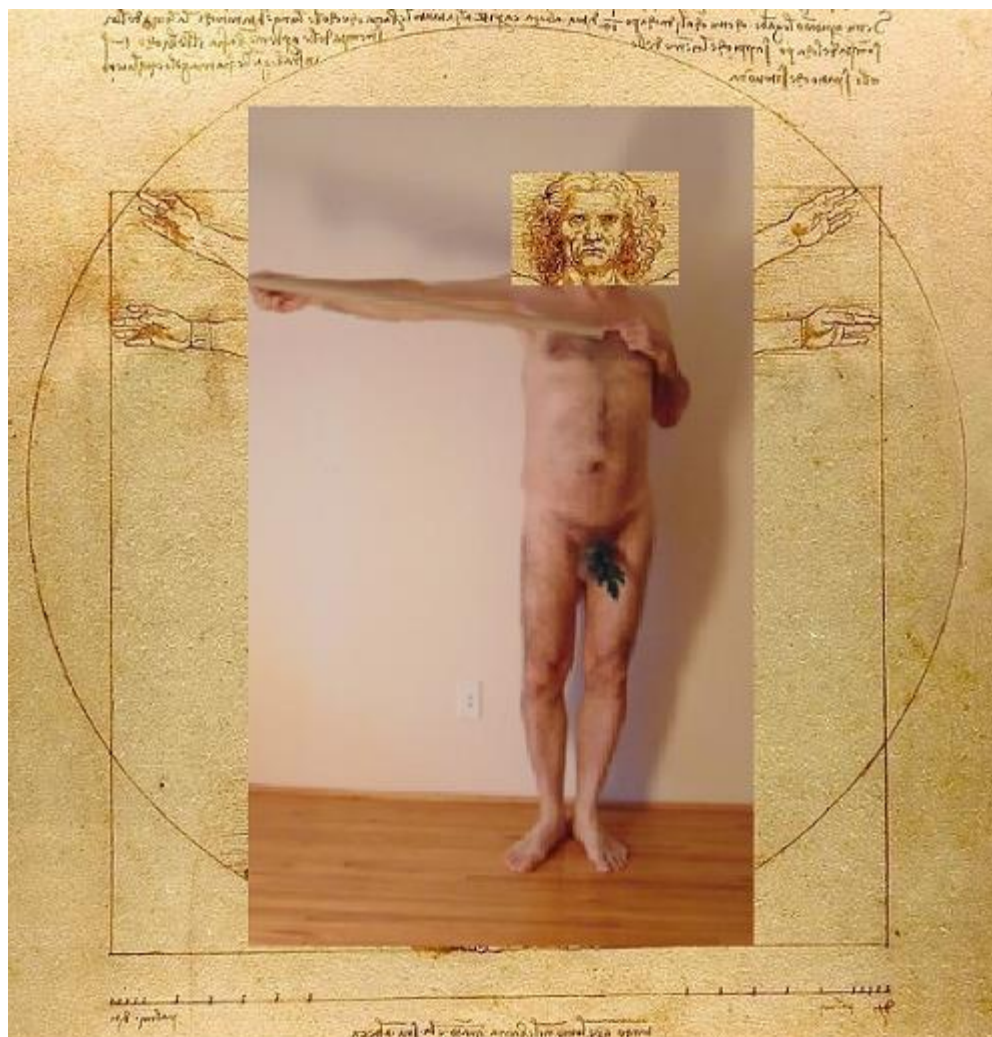


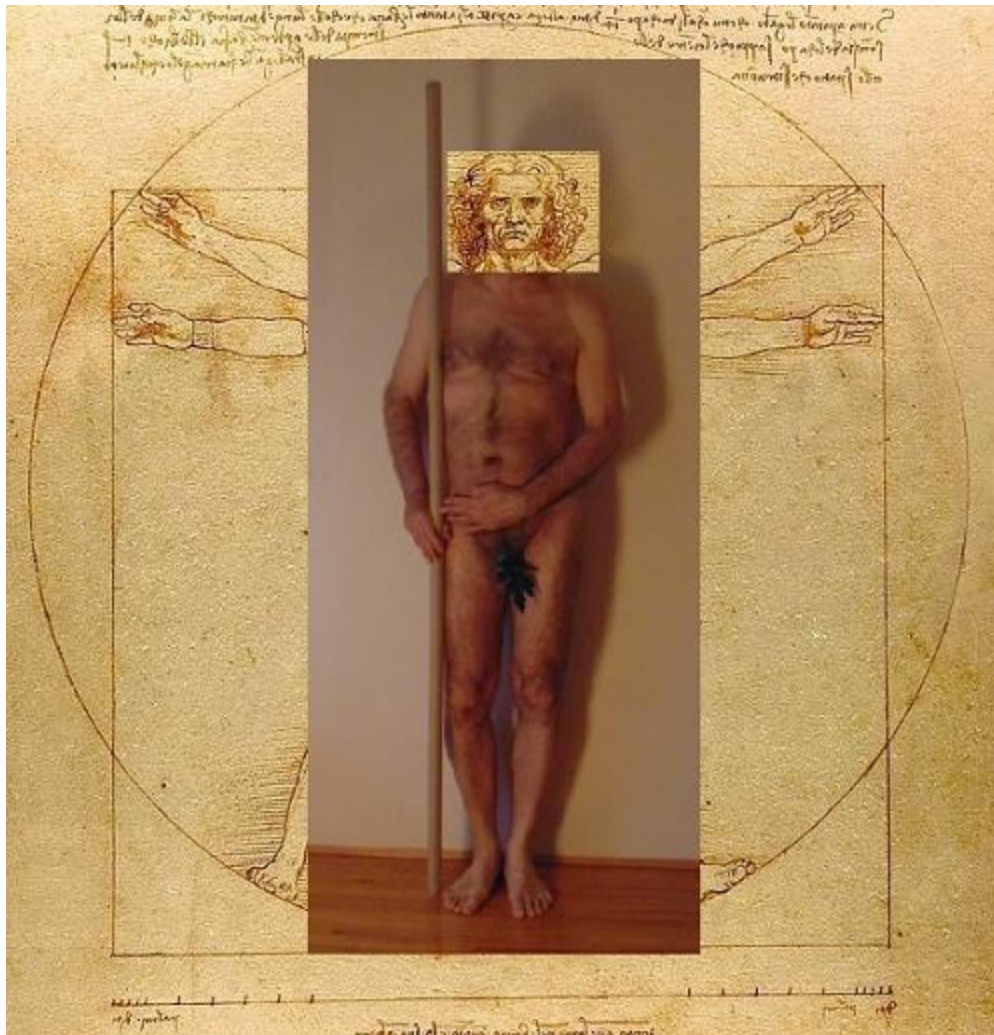


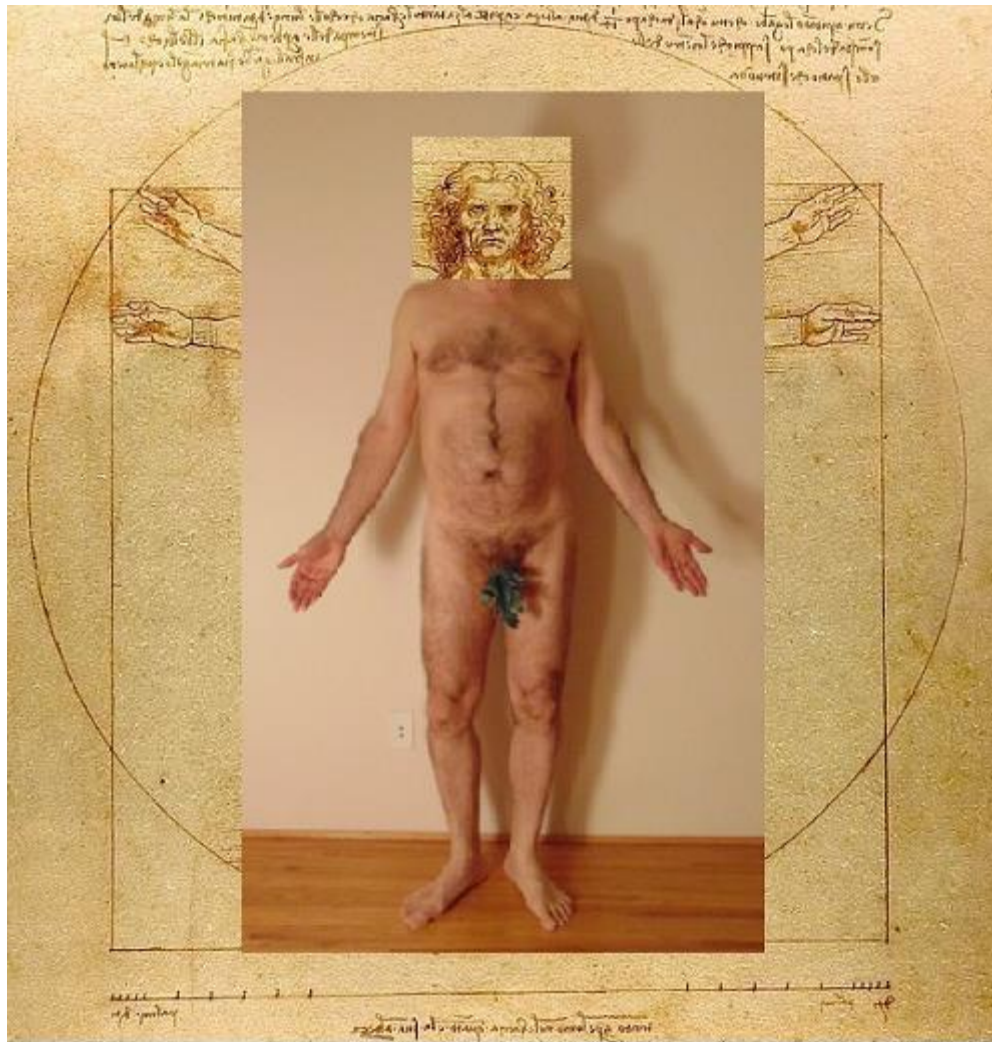












New Poems by Contemporary Poets

If Only They Knew by Aki Kurosawa

I wished I knew
what turned boys off
because I know what
turns them on.

Beer and baseball,
yes that's a Japanese thing!
manga with
too much exposed

School girls in their
short skirts
taking the subway
with their panties
showing as they hang
tight to their school books
with one arm and
to the strap overhead
with the other.

There was a time when
I too struggled
there in the subway
and had tubby

sweating boys,
try to film me up skirt/

If only they knew
what turned me on
then I would have
given them for free
what they tried to
steal from me

If they had carried
my books – they would
not have needed their manga.

What Loneliness Is by Patrick Bruskiewich

Loneliness is walking in the
Shadows of the Cherry
Blossoms and having no one to
Share the moment with.

Loneliness is seeing how pink
And beautiful they are
And being reminded of the
Wonders of the woman you love.

Loneliness is watching the
Cherry Blossoms dance
Through space and time reminding
You each moment is fleeting.

Loneliness is walking alone
Along the boulevards of life and
Realizing no one presses close to
your arm to ask ... Do you love me?

Pictorial: The softness of love ...



The Big Apple is Back! by William Webster

The Big Apple is back!
We have rid ourselves
of pest and pestilence
The air is ... well ...
Not so heavy anymore,
And our streets will
perhaps ... never be
the same as I remember
then from a few years back,
but now what we have
to watch out for are
wild taxis drivers
and their NY fares,
the trucker drinking his beer
as he delivers his ware
the j's who walk across
the street unawares.

We no longer have to
cur-trump across town
nor dodge the ambulances
speeding their way to poxy

Yes, the Big Apple is Great Again!

We have all made it so.

The same way it came back in 1922

After *el grand plagio espaniol*

Perhaps we will go crazy again and roar

A few years before the next great crash.

If you are a dandelion by Rose Lang

If you are a dandelion
Among the daffodils
You might not be noticed

But ...

If you are a dandelion
Among the roses
You might be plucked!

If you are a dandelion
Among the weeds
You might be welcomed

But ...

If you are a dandelion
Among the flowers
They will push you out!

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Prose from the Past

The Death of Dada by Malcolm Cowley

1: A Brief History of Dada

Tristan Tzara says that Dada was born in 1916, at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich. There is some dispute about this place and date, but Tzara's word ought to be final: after all, he founded Dada. He is a Rumanian, small and graceful, who belongs to a family of formerly rich merchants; educated in France and Switzerland, he adopted French as his native tongue. It is wholly fitting that this new school of art and letters should have been founded in a cabaret, by a young man so thoroughly expatriated that he could not speak more than three words of his native language. It is fitting, too, that Dada should have transferred itself to the two banks of the Seine.

But Tzara was still in Switzerland when he wrote the Dada Manifesto in March 1918. At that time André Breton and Louis Aragon, who would later become the French leaders of the movement, were serving at the front. When these very young soldiers came home after the Armistice, they joined forces with Philippe Soupault, Paul Eluard and others to found the magazine *Littérature*, which soon became known as a Dadaist review. At the beginning of 1920 they formally invited Tzara to Paris.

That was the period of the great Dada manifestations. At a matinee on January 23 Tzara was introduced to the public. He read aloud a newspaper article, while an electric bell kept ringing so that nobody could hear what he said. A meeting was held at the Grand Palace of the Champs Elysées; several

thousand people attended it. Tzara afterward wrote in an article for *Vanity Fair* that they “manifested uproariously it is impossible to say exactly what, their joy or their disapproval, by unexpected cries and general laughter, which constituted a very pretty accompaniment to the manifestoes read by six people at once. The newspapers said that an old man in the audience gave himself up to behavior of a more or less intimate nature, that somebody set off some flashlight powder and that a pregnant woman had to be taken out.” At the *Théâtre de l’Oeuvre* two months later, twelve hundred people were turned away. “There were three spectators for every seat; it was suffocating. Enthusiastic members of the audience had brought musical instruments to interrupt us. The enemies of Dada threw down from the balconies copies of an anti-Dada paper called *Non* in which we were described as lunatics. The scandal reached proportions absolutely unimaginable.” But the scandal was even greater at the *Salle Gaveau*. “For the first time in the history of the world, people threw at us not only eggs, vegetables and pennies, but beefsteaks as well. It was a very huge success.”

Whether the public, the idiotic public, expressed its interest in terms of beefsteaks or applause, Dada was launched. It exactly suited the temper of a world disorganized by the war and ruled, so the Dadaists said, “by aggressive madmen”; now it was time for a literary movement that would outdo the politicians in lunacy. All over Europe Dadaist groups had sprung into being, and everywhere they repeated the same pattern of childishness and audacity: they played violently with art and politics and paper dollies. The Dadaists in Berlin had their own magazines, their publishing house and a Dada Club which soon brought to light great talents—Tzara believed that their many

demonstrations helped to produce the German revolution. In Cologne an allied group was permitted by the city authorities to hold a Dada exhibition in a public urinal, with free admission. By 1922 there were Dadaists in all the European capitals, even Moscow; lectures on Dadaism were being delivered at the University of Tiflis, in Soviet Georgia, before a proletarian audience. A world congress of Dadaists was held in France. But at this conference, which demonstrated the strength of the movement, there was a split in the ranks, a division between those who wished to carry Dadaism into public life and those who were content to express their disgust in practical jokes, without being bothered by the police. Friendships were broken, adherents dropped away: at the very moment when Dada seemed most successful, it was dying at the heart. Soon it was replaced by a new movement, Surrealism, which in turn was causing its scandals and enlisting its adherents. One could write, “Here lies Dada, 1916–1924.”

But the history of Dada was in reality much longer. Its existence was rendered possible by a succession of literary schools beginning before the middle of the nineteenth century. There had been the art-for-art’s-sake school of Théophile Gautier; there had been the Naturalist school (or at least the part of it which surrounded Flaubert and the Brothers Goncourt); there had been the Parnassians, the Decadents, the Symbolists; in England there had been the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the Oxford Aesthetes, the group surrounding the *Yellow Book*—then the tempo increased: there were the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists (schools of literature and schools of art were amalgamating), the Neo-Classicists, the Fantaisists; in Italy the Futurists, in England the Vorticists, in America the Imagists, in Germany the Expressionists, in Russia

the Constructivists—still the dance moved faster, so that a single artist like Picasso might successively adhere to several schools, was even expected to *changer d'école* as one might change a coat—then, at the summit of this long development, came Dada, like a last act that cast a light of farce on the preceding acts, like a capstone self-crowned with a dunce cap.

Edmund Wilson was the first American critic to show that a single impulse persisted through eighty years of quarreling doctrines and self-devouring schools. In *Axel's Castle* he suggested that the name Symbolism was broad enough to cover this whole literary movement. His book was extraordinarily illuminating. Nobody before him had written a better exposition of Yeats, Joyce, Proust; and he did not confine himself to expository criticism: he placed these writers in historical perspective and considered the values that their work implied. Yet *Axel's Castle* has an obvious weakness of structure. Midway in the book, Wilson changes his conception of the subject; so that although he continues to describe it by the same name, he is really talking about two different things. In the first chapter he is discussing Symbolism primarily as a method, as “an attempt, by carefully studied means—a complicated association of ideas represented by a medley of metaphors—to communicate unique personal feelings.” But at the end of the book he is discussing Symbolism as an attitude, an ideology, in reality *a way of life* that was adopted by a whole series of writers.

This changing conception of his subject led Wilson into making two complementary mistakes. The Symbolistic method is less important than he believes it to be: its history was shorter and its influence less widespread in the world of international letters. But the *attitude toward life* which he attributes to Yeats and Valéry and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam was also that of many writers who could not in any technical sense be regarded as Symbolists. During the course of a long history, this attitude affected not only poets and novelists of different schools, but also painters, sculptors, composers, dramatists and ordinary people who confessed with bitter humility that they weren't "creative," that they were unable to "express themselves artistically." Boys of my age in Pittsburgh and Chicago had acted in a certain fashion, read certain books—they had felt themselves to be cut off from and secretly superior to the dull mass of their schoolmates—because they were influenced by what might be called the religion of art.

One example is enough to show the difference between Wilson's two conceptions of the subject. In the first chapter he explains that Symbolism was a reaction from the Naturalism of novelists like Gustave Flaubert and the cold objectivity of poets like Théophile Gautier. But later, when he describes the anti-social philosophy connected with Symbolism, we can see that Gautier was one of its founders and Flaubert perhaps its principal sage. Among the many episodes preserved in the best informal record of those times, the *Journal* of the Brothers Goncourt, there is one that seems especially significant. It shows that the religion of art very quickly expressed itself as a way of life, and one that was essentially antihuman ... Flaubert with several of his friends once visited a brothel in Rouen. On a bet, before them all, he

made love to a prostitute without removing his hat or taking the cigar from his mouth. The gesture was something more than an ugly boast. It announced a furious contempt for everything held sacred by society—as if he had said to the honest burghers of his time, “You think that life has meaning, that the act of love is holy, yet all of you together, the whole pack of lifelings, couldn’t write one passable poem or even recognize the beauty of a sentence patiently carved in marble.” It is as if he proclaimed that nothing had value in itself, that everything outside the world of art should be violently rejected. “Art is vast enough,” he wrote in one of his letters, “to occupy the whole man.”

Although such a doctrine might produce, and has in fact produced, great works of art and ingenious technical discoveries, it does so at a sacrifice. The religion of art is too dehumanized to nourish rich careers or to bring forth characters that compel our admiration. The “pure poet,” the “artist proper,” goes stumbling through life, often under a burden of neurosis. Each new artist spies out the mistakes of his predecessors and tries to guard against them by making some theoretical change. He thinks that a little more foresight will render his position secure: he sets to work deepening the moat or razing some vulnerable outwork of his ivory tower, but nevertheless it crumbles—and still newer artists rebuild the ruins according to an improved design. Always there must be changes—and there is even a moment when change itself, change for its own sake, becomes an article of doctrine.

Nor was this the only tendency implied by the religion of art as it moved inevitably toward extremes. Once the artist had come to be regarded as a being set apart from the world of ordinary men, it followed that his aloofness would

be increasingly emphasized. The world would more and more diminish in the eyes of the artist, and the artist would be self-magnified at the expense of the world. These tendencies, in turn, implied still others. Art would come to be treated as a self-sustaining entity, an essence neither produced by the world nor reacting upon it: art would be *purposeless*. No longer having to communicate with a public, it would become more opaque, difficult, *obscure*. It would be freed from all elements extraneous to itself, and particularly from logic and meaning, statistics and exhortation: it would become *pure poetry*. The independence of the artist would be asserted in always more vehement language: he would be proud, disdainful toward family duties and the laws of the tribe; he would end by assuming one of God's attributes and becoming a creator.

But this privileged function is also a limitation. The creator cannot be a copyist: he must not content himself with reproducing nature, must not utilize the creations of other artists, must not even copy his own creations. As soon as anything has been reduced to a principle—by no matter whom — it must be abandoned to the mere disciples. The “artists proper” must always prophesy, explore, lead the way into new countries of emotion; and they cannot turn back: they are confined to the frontier, to the ever-receding land beyond the boundary of the last formula. They are first authorized and then as it were condemned to go forward, to make discoveries and leave them behind, to advance in all directions, faster, faster, till their headlong charge can scarcely be distinguished from headlong retreat.

And yet these diverse tendencies, these paths continually diverging toward the four horizons, all set forth in the beginning from one easily apprehended principle. *Art is separate from life; the artist is independent of the world and superior to the lifelings.* From this principle, the hostile schools were born, and the manifestoes that canceled one another, and the wholly unintelligible poems they called forth. By this principle were guided the careers of great poets and novelists, and the ambitions toward which their careers were directed—Huysmans’ attempt to build an artificial paradise, Mallarmé’s to invent an algebra of literature, Ezra Pound’s frantic flight from his admirers, Joyce’s ambition to create a work of genius, Proust’s attempt to recapture his own past in the longest novel ever written — all these belonged to the religion of art; and even Valéry’s forsaking of art was a development out of that religion. There is a sort of law that governs such developments, at least for the lifetime of the particular culture in which they occur. The law is that no aspiration or tendency of the human mind that has once revealed itself in the culture is permitted to disappear until all the paths it suggests have been followed to the end, nor until the ends have proved futile and conflicting, nor even until the whole search has been turned to ridicule by the searchers. Seen from a perspective of years, the process is as logical as the growth of a tree; one might say that the Dada movement and its ending were both foreshadowed in the letters of Gustave Flaubert.

Edmund Wilson believes that the Symbolist way of life leads naturally toward two extremes. “There are, as I have said, in our contemporary society, for

writers who are unable to interest themselves in it either by studying it scientifically, by attempting to reform it or by satirizing it, only two alternative courses to follow, Axel's or Rimbaud's."—He has just been describing the hero idealized in a novel by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Lord of a lonely castle in the Black Forest, Count Axel of Auersburg is a young man with a "paleness almost radiant" and "an expression mysterious from thought." He penetrates the Rosicrucian mysteries, he discovers a vast hoard of gold and jewels, he meets a young woman who equals him in beauty, learning, pride, who begs him to enjoy with her all the world's splendors, or at least to spend with her one enraptured night—Axel refuses: he convinces her that mere living is futile, and both of them commit suicide out of pure disdain for life.

If one chooses the first of these [Wilson continues], the way of Axel, one shuts oneself up in one's own private world, cultivating one's private fantasies, encouraging one's private manias, ultimately preferring one's absurdest chimeras to the most astonishing contemporary realities, ultimately mistaking one's chimeras for realities. If one chooses the second, the way of Rimbaud, one tries to leave the twentieth century behind—to find the good life in some country where modern manufacturing methods and modern democratic institutions do not present any problems to the artist because they haven't yet arrived.

Here, briefly and eloquently described, are the two courses adopted by what is perhaps a majority of the "pure poets" and "artists proper." But they are not the only alternatives. There is, moreover, a serious error in Wilson's formulation of the problem. What he calls the way of Rimbaud is not the one

Rimbaud actually chose: instead it is the path followed by Paul Gauguin (or at least the path that Gauguin was described as following in *The Moon and Sixpence*, a novel enormously popular just after the war, and one that was until recently propelling the tourists of art toward Tahiti, Bali, Majorca and other islands still unspoiled by modern methods of production). It is the course generally described as that of “escape”—we have all met people who spoke of “running away” from New York, London or Paris, of “finding a refuge” from skyscrapers, cocktail parties and neuroses.

Rimbaud himself had no desire to escape into an artist’s paradise. His temperament was adventurous, aggressive, and in three brief years he had made astonishing conquests in the world of art. Now he wished to leave that world behind, either because his achievements there seemed easy and unexciting, or else because he had confused literature in general with the homosexuality of his friend Paul Verlaine and had decided that “all that” was bad. Very clear in his mind was the idea that by obstinate patience, by pure will, he could make equal conquests in the more difficult world of life. When he finally reached Abyssinia, after a dozen wild attempts, he did not sit dozing or making verses in the shade of a banyan tree: he bought coffee from the natives and sold them modern rifles. Even a gangrened leg did not keep him from making long journeys on horseback, so great was his energy, so bitter his determination. ... Rimbaud in the end was as tragically defeated by life as he had been triumphant in art. Yet his, too, was a possible course, and a heroic one, and there have been “artists proper” who tried to follow his example.

Still another extreme was that depicted by Paul Valéry in his imaginary portrait of M. Teste and his two essays on Leonardo (as indeed in his own career). He suggests that a great poet might abandon literature, not to embrace life, but in order to retreat still farther from it. Literature is regarded as something impure, tainted with action, and the “man of the greatest mind” will avoid all forms of action and, by dint of rigorous thought, will end by reducing himself to a state of practical hebetude in which he stares at his consciousness like an Oriental mystic staring at his navel. And there are other extremes to which the religion of art has led or might possibly lead. Valéry in one place speaks of “the chess game that we play with knowledge.” There happens to be a highly talented artist who abandoned painting in order to play chess. When he found that he could not become the greatest chess player in the world, he half abandoned that also, and spent his time carving bits of marble into lumps of sugar; he kept a bowl of stone-sugar on his table for the amusement of his guests. And this, too, is a possible extreme. If carried beyond a certain point, the religion of art imperceptibly merges into the irreligion of art, into a state of mind in which the artist deliberately fritters away his talents through contempt for the idiot-public that can never understand.

But what I am trying to make clear is that all these extremes—Teste’s, Rimbaud’s, Axel’s, the way of escape and the retreat into futility—existed side by side in the Dada movement. They were mingled there with an infusion of youth, vigor, Paris after the war and a not unnatural taste for novelty and scandal.

2: Discourse over a Grave

But what was Dada anyway? ... Not many people have seriously tried to answer this question, and the Dadaists themselves took pains to avoid it. So great was their disdain for the public, and for the idols of clarity and logic worshiped by the public in France, that they could scarcely bring themselves to offer explanations. “I am by principle against manifestoes,” said Tristan Tzara, “as I am also against principles. ... To explain is the amusement of redbellied numbskulls. **DADA HAS NO MEANING.**” And yet this meaningless movement published its manifesto, offered its explanations, and propounded its philosophy in the same breath as its hatred of philosophers. It had reached a point beyond the bounds of logic, but had reached it by a perfectly logical process. In every direction it was a carrying to extremes of the tendencies inherent in what I have called the religion of art.

It was, for example, the extreme of obscurity. That was a tendency that had been growing for half a century, and soon James Joyce would carry it to a point at which the reader was expected to master several languages, and the mythology of all races, and the geography of Dublin, in order to unravel his meaning. Gertrude Stein carried it still farther. She seemed, indeed, to be writing pure nonsense, and yet it was not quite pure: one felt uneasily that much of it could be deciphered if only one had the key. But in reading a Dada poem it was often useless to search for clues: even the poet himself might not possess them. The door of meaning was closed and double-locked; the key was thrown away.

Dada was also the extreme point reached in the long search for “absolute art” and “pure poetry.” In discussing that topic the Dada Manifesto was serious and eloquent:

The new painter creates a world ... The new artist protests: he no longer paints (i.e. reproduces symbolically and illusionistically), but creates directly, in stone, in wood, in iron and tin, rocks and locomotive organisms that can be turned in every direction by the limpid winds of his momentary sensation. Every pictorial or plastic work is useless ... Order = disorder; ego = non-ego; affirmation = negation: all are supreme radiations of an absolute art. Absolute in the purity of cosmic and ordered chaos, eternal in the globule-second without duration, without respiration, without light, without control. . . . Art is a private matter; the artist does it for himself; any work of art that can be understood is the product of a journalist.

Dada, in art and life, was the extreme of individualism. It denied that there was any psychic basis common to all humanity. There was no emotion shared by all men, no law to which all were subject; there was not even a sure means of communication between one man and another. Morality was a snare, “a plague produced by the intelligence.”—“Thought is a fine thing for philosophy, but it is relative. There is no final Truth.”—“Logic is a complication. Logic is always false.”—“Everything one looks at is false.” In a word, nothing is real or true except the individual pursuing his individual whims, the artist riding his hobbyhorse, his *dada*.

But the world could not be abolished merely by denying its reality. The world—and specifically the French public—remained as a hostile force to be fought, insulted or mystified. As for writers who tried to please the public, they were utterly beneath contempt: mere floor-walkers of the literary business, they did not realize that they were betraying an ideal ... This high disdain for the public and for popular writers had always been a tradition in the religion of art, but it had lately been emphasized by the revulsion that followed the war, and the Dadaists pushed it forward to extremes of anti-human feeling. The world, they said, “left in the hands of bandits, is in a state of madness, aggressive and complete madness.”—“Let each man cry: there is a great labor of destruction and negation to perform. We must sweep and clean.”—“What there is within us of the divine is the awakening of anti-human action.” So deep was their disgust that they no longer trusted in words to express it: manifestoes must give place to manifestations and poems to deeds, to “significant gestures.” Thus, “I proclaim the opposition of all the cosmic faculties to this gonorrhea of a putrid sun produced by the factories of philosophic thought; I proclaim a pitiless struggle with all the weapons of Dadaist Disgust. Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is dada; to protest with all the fists of one’s being in destructive action: DADA.”

In passages like this it is impossible not to recognize the presence of the crusading spirit. Dada, though it despised morality, was animated by moral fervor—and in this respect also it was the extreme of a long process. For nearly a century artists had been fighting against the necessity of making their works conform to the laws of the tribe. They had adapted from various

German Romantic philosophers the principle that aesthetics was entirely separate from ethics—"Art has nothing to do with morality." As a result of famous trials involving the censorship of novels and pictures, they had succeeded in having this principle partly admitted by the courts and wholly accepted by a portion of the public. Then, having won this victory, they began to proclaim that the laws of aesthetics were superior to the moral laws enforced by Church and State. But the Dadaists went farther: they went to the point of believing that public morality ought to be abolished. The only laws that the artist should be forced to observe were private ones, the laws of art. Those laws, however, applied not only to his books or paintings: they also should govern his career and his judgments of the world. To be adventurous—to explore and discover in life as in art—was the Categorical Imperative. Actions like pictures should be dada. "The good life," if it was ever achieved, would be surprising, novel, picturesque, purposeless, abstract, incomprehensible to the public—it would merit all the adjectives that applied to a Dadaist masterpiece.

But there was one other tendency that helps to explain the otherwise inexplicable works of art produced by the Dada movement. Those who took part in it were not only guided by a rigorous code of morals or anti-morals: they were also buoyed up by a feeling of liberty, which again was carried to the extreme. They believed that the new artist had freed himself from the limitations of the old artistic mediums. He was no longer confined to paint or words or marble: he was at liberty to utilize any methods or materials that might strike his fancy. He might, for example, make an arrangement of watch springs, ball bearings and kitchen matches, and photograph it (like Man Ray);

he might clip illustrations out of old mail-order catalogues, shuffle them into an ingenious design and exhibit them as a painting (like Max Ernst, who later sold such pictures at a stiff price); he might devote himself to sculptures modeled from sealing wax and pipe cleaners (like Hidalgo); he might have his poems printed in the typography of advertisements for nerve tonics and cancer cures (like Tristan Tzara), or invent a new system of punctuation (like e. e. cummings); he might even forsake all forms of plastic or verbal art and apply the same principles of self-expression to business, politics or, if he chose, to practical joking. Nobody in any case had the right to criticize.

It veritably seemed that Dada was opening a whole new world to writers. They had felt vaguely that everything was said, everything written, that all the great subjects of poetry and fiction had been seized upon by others, exploited and rendered unusable. Now they could take heart again. Here were new subjects waiting to be described, machinery, massacre, skyscrapers, urinals, sexual orgies, revolution—for Dada nothing could be too commonplace or novel, too cruel or shocking, to be celebrated by the writer in his own fashion. Or he might, if the notion struck him, desert the subject entirely—he might enter the stage of his drama and sweep all his puppets into the corner; or again he was privileged to disregard the limits of possibility—if he was writing a novel about modern Paris, he need not hesitate to introduce a tribe of Redskins, an octopus, a unicorn, Napoleon or the Virgin Mary. It suddenly seemed that all the writers of the past had been enslaved by reality: they had been limited to the task of copying the world, whereas the new writer could disregard it and create a world of his own in which he was master. He was at last free! ... He was at liberty to indulge his whims, to marshal his characters and lead them

ahead like an Alexander marching into unknown countries. But in practice his freedom proved illusory, his creations were inhuman, were monsters that never came to life. He could at best lead an army of ghosts into a kingdom of shadows.

Nobody can read about the Dada movement without being impressed by the absurd and half-tragic disproportion between its rich, complicated background and its poor achievements. Here was a group of young men, probably the most talented in Europe: there was not one of them who lacked the ability to become a good writer or, if he so decided, a very popular writer. They had behind them the long traditions of French literature (and knew them perfectly); they had the examples of living masters (and had pondered them); they had a burning love of their art and a fury to excel. And what, after all, did they accomplish? ... They wrote a few interesting books, influenced a few others, launched and inspired half a dozen good artists, created scandals and gossip, had a good time. Nobody can help wondering why, in spite of their ability and moral fervor and battles over principle, they did nothing more.

Always Dada was bustling into action. There were the early meetings already described, the chief purpose of which was to mystify and insult the public; there was the later demonstration in a churchyard against religion (it rained and nobody listened to the speakers); there was the Dada trial of Maurice Barrès, which called forth angry headlines in all the daily papers; there were theatrical performances like one I attended that was given for the benefit of

Tristan Tzara, in this case ending with fights on the stage and the police called in. Years later there was the famous incident of Louis Aragon and *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*—he promised that if his name was once more mentioned in the paper, he would wreck the editorial offices; his name was mentioned; the offices were wrecked. After that Aragon threatened to give a beating to any critic who reviewed his new book, which incidentally was a good one. No critic dared to review it—and what then? The Dada manifestations were ineffectual in spite of their violence, because they were directed against no social class and supported by no social class. All their significant gestures were gestures in the air.

There were Dadaists who spent weeks or months in polishing and consciously perfecting a few lines of verse; those were the ones who most fervently praised the Subconscious. Others abused criticism and the critics in majestic essays that abounded in the keenest sort of critical observations. Still others devoted themselves to automatic writing and published the results of their experiments without, so they said, changing a word of it. There were many who deliberately cultivated the fine art of always being in bad taste. For a time it was also the fashion to be very busy à l'Américaine: I remember the example of a Dadaist who simultaneously wrote novels, conducted four love affairs and a marriage, plunged into the wildest business ventures—he spent the next year recuperating in a sanitarium. I believe there was one who set sail for Tahiti, following in Gauguin's footsteps; another took ship for Rio de Janeiro. One very talented poet wrote nothing but postcards to his friends. There was a Dadaist who collected paper matches: he had the largest collection of them in the world. He was a very ingenious and elegant young man and determined

to seek his fortune in America. Having borrowed his passage money, he landed in New York with a boiled shirt and two suitcases filled with letters of introduction. He presented some of the letters, tried bootlegging for a while, found the profession overcrowded, collected comic strips from the Hearst newspapers, married an American wife, took drugs, committed suicide—he was Jacques Rigaut, and after his death he became a sort of Dada saint. I am confusing my dates: in reality Jacques lived long enough to become a Surrealist saint, but the two schools had so many doctrines and members in common that they are often hard to distinguish. Shortly before he died, a whole squad of former Dadaists announced that they were abandoning poetry for communism, and were very serious about it, but not quite serious enough to be accepted by the Communist Party, which suspected that they might soon veer off in a different direction. A very few of them long afterwards became Communists in earnest; that is a different story. Mostly, while waiting for the revolution, for any revolution, it didn't matter, they spent their time in quarreling with one another.

But the interesting feature of the quarrels is precisely that they could not have been avoided: they were conflicts of principle inherent in the movement from the first. I have said that the Dadaists were animated by fierce moral convictions. They believed that life should be rash and adventurous, that literature should be freed from all impure motives, and especially from the commercial motive—thus, writing an article for a commercial magazine (like Tzara's piece for *Vanity Fair*, from which I quoted) was almost a sin against the Holy Ghost. But in practice they could not do what they preached. They did not live in a free society, nor did they belong among the rulers of the

society that exists. For the most part they were poor young men of middle-class families with their way to make. They sooner or later had to betray their high principles; not many of them chose to starve. The uncompromising ones abused and excoriated the others — and then were forced to compromise in turn, and be excoriated. Dada began to split into smaller and smaller fractions. One of these, the largest that remained, issued the Surrealist Manifesto, became famous for a while, gained many adherents, but the process of fractioning continued — after a few years almost the only writers of talent left in the movement were Louis Aragon, who had been the most active and brilliant of the Dadaists, and André Breton, the most forceful in character. The two had been friends since childhood, but in the end they quarreled like the others, on a matter of principle. One might say that Dada died by principle: it committed suicide.

As for the religion of art, that broader tendency of which Dada was the extreme manifestation, it seemed to be growing more popular even while Dada was dying. It was gaining more adherents every year. Its foremost writers, its saints, were not widely read, since their books were too difficult for the public; but they exerted a wide influence and enjoyed a tremendous underground prestige.

Edmund Wilson explains that the postwar reputation of writers in this tradition “was due largely to extra-literary accidents”:

When the prodigious concerted efforts of the war ended only in impoverishment and exhaustion for all the European peoples concerned, and in a general feeling of hopelessness about politics . . . the Western mind became peculiarly hospitable to a literature indifferent to action and unconcerned with the group. Many of the socially minded writers, besides, had been intellectually demoralized by the war and had irreparably lost credit in consequence; whereas these others—Yeats, Valéry, Joyce, Proust—had maintained an unassailable integrity.

It ought to be added that the intellectual world of the 1920s was repeating an old pattern. The art-for-art's-sake tradition had first been established in the middle of the nineteenth century, at a time when the intellectual atmosphere of France was not unlike that prevailing in postwar Europe. Many French writers had become emotionally or physically involved in the Revolution of 1848—Baudelaire, for example, fought on the workingmen's side of the barricades—and when the Revolution was defeated, some of them lost faith in social causes and began to seek in art the ideals they no longer hoped to see realized in life. Rimbaud and others had the same experience in 1871, during and after the Paris Commune: the great poet of individualism at one time tried to draw up an ideal constitution for a socialist state. After the war of 1914 and the betrayal at Versailles, the process was repeated more rapidly on an international scale.

And there was another reason, too, for the popularity at that time of a literature hostile to society. The religion of art is not at all a poor man's religion: a

degree of economic freedom is essential to those embarking on a search for aesthetic absolutes. In the decade before 1930 more writers and painters than ever before, and especially more Americans, had leisure to meditate the problems of art and the self, to express themselves, to be creative. And the artists were now surrounded by a cultured mob of dilettantes, people without convictions of their own who fed upon them emotionally, adopted their beliefs and encouraged their vices. In a world where everybody felt lost and directionless, the artists were forced often in spite of themselves to become priests.

Yet the religion of art was approaching its end. For nearly a century now it had played an important role in literature, first in France, then in all the Western world. It had inspired men of talent wholly to consecrate themselves, to produce great works at a sacrifice and to refine the methods of poetry and fiction—even to embark on a search for the absolute that threatened to carry them beyond the frontiers of art. The search had been continued more frantically by their successors. After Dada, however, it became evident that all the diverging paths had been followed to the end, which was always the same—each path seemed to lead toward an infinitely bustling futility, a dance of fireflies in the twilight. After Dada, the historical role of the movement was completed and only the busy ghost of it was left. And so when Dada died it did not perish alone. This fact is enough to explain its importance. In a sense, the whole religion of art died with it and was buried in the same grave.

3: Case Record

But Dada still was strenuously alive in the winter and spring of 1923, when I was learning to know the movement at first hand. The quarrels by which it was already divided did not seem to be fatal ones. Its adherents had begun to look back a little wistfully toward the days of the great early manifestations—when, as Aragon said more than once, they were too busy and excited even to sleep with their mistresses—but they also looked forward to a future still busier and more significant.

I was now seeing the Dadaists often, both factions of them, not only on my Wednesdays in Paris but also during the long weeks in Giverny. Aragon spent two months there, working on his new book: in the afternoons we tramped through the meadows fresh with primroses and English daisies while he recited poems from memory hour after hour or expounded his theories of writing. Often on week-ends Tzara came to visit us with a very pretty American girl who smoked sixty cigarettes a day to the great profit of the French government tobacco monopoly, while Tzara made puns, invented games and innocently changed the rules for fear of losing. And sometimes, but not when Tzara was there, all of André Breton's friends arrived on Sundays, a whole performing troupe of Dadaists with their mistresses or wives, or both. They were very serious, angry young men, on principle, but they laughed a great deal and enjoyed themselves and it would have been hard not to like them.

I didn't regard myself as one of the Dadaists. I tried to judge them dispassionately and take no part in their quarrels; I was a foreigner after all and would soon be returning to my own country. Still, I could not help

absorbing their notions of literary conduct, as if from the atmosphere. One evening when my wife was away, Dos Passos and Cummings came down from Paris. With Aragon we went to a restaurant and had a gay dinner with several bottles of wine; then we returned to my studio over the blacksmith shop. I made a speech against book fetishism. The burden of it was that wherever I lived books seemed to accumulate; some were bought, some were gifts, some came by mail and others appeared one didn't know how; they moved in like relatives and soon the house was crowded. I sympathized with De Quincey, who used to rent a room, wait until it was full of books and then move away, leaving the books behind him. Here in France my American books couldn't be sold and nobody wanted them as presents, yet I felt an unreasoning and almost Chinese respect for the printed word that kept me from destroying them. We all had that weakness and should take violent steps to overcome it ... I went over to the shelves and pulled down an assortment of bad review books and French university texts that I wouldn't need again. After tearing some of them apart I piled them all on the asbestos mat in front of the stove; then I put a match to the pile. It was a gesture in the Dada manner, but not a successful one, for the books merely smoldered. We talked about bad writers while the smoke grew thicker; then Cummings proved that he was a better Dadaist—at least in someone else's studio—by walking over and urinating on the fire.

Jack Wheelwright arrived for a longer visit, with a lot of expensive luggage. Jack, whose father had been the architect of the Lampoon building in Cambridge, had already achieved a distinction of his own: he was the only student ever expelled from Harvard for misspelling a word. The word was

“nausea” and he shouldn’t have used it when he was in a fix already. After a series of minor misdeeds Jack had been put on probation for simply forgetting to take the final examination in one of his courses. Students on probation had to attend all their classes or offer an excuse that was convincing to the dean, who was hard to convince. Jack missed a class and then appeared in the dean’s office with his excuse in writing: “I was absent yesterday from English 14”—or whatever the course was—“because I had acute nausea after seeing the moving picture, *Broken Blossoms*.” He had been sent home to the family house in Back Bay. Now he appeared at Giverny with a sheaf of his own poems, full of fresh images and original spellings, and another sheaf of manuscripts that Gorham Munson had assembled for the next two issues of *Secession*; Jack was to have them printed in Italy, where prices at the time were even lower than in Vienna. I wondered what the issues would look like after being set in type by Italian printers who couldn’t speak English and then proofread by the worst speller who ever failed to graduate from Harvard (though he might have run a dead heat in a spelling bee with F. Scott Fitzgerald of Princeton). I felt like sending a cable to Munson: “Make Jack submit proof,” but then I reflected that if he didn’t send proof the result would at least be arbitrary, surprising and utterly *dada*.

Reading over the letters I wrote that spring and early summer, and the entries in my notebook, I can see the extent to which my thinking had been influenced by my new friends. “The famous two years are ending,” I told Kenneth Burke on July 5, in my last letter from Normandy, “with little accomplished and much learned. Yet it seems to me that their value was not so much the knowledge of books and writing they helped me to acquire as the aid they

gave me in reaching a personal philosophy.” I was using a big word. My philosophy was really an attitude, or at best a collection of beliefs, some of them evolved by myself and others merely adapted from my French friends. Let us try to set them down as a case record.

I believed, first of all, that the only respectable ambition for a man of letters was to be a man of letters—not exclusively a novelist, an essayist, a dramatist, but rather one who adopts the whole of literature as his province, “who devotes himself to literature,” I wrote with fervor, “as one might devote a life to God or the Poor.”

I believed that the man of letters, while retaining his own point of view, which was primarily that of the poet, should concern himself with every department of human activity, including science, sociology and revolution.

I believed that more writers were ruined by early success than by the lack of it, and was therefore willing to make a fool of myself in order to avoid being successful.

I was violently opposed to what I called “the fallacy of contraction.” “Writers,” I observed in my notebook, “often speak of ‘saving their energy,’ as if each man were given a nickel’s worth of it, which he is at liberty to spend—one cent on Love, one cent on Livelihood, two cents on Art or other wasteful activities, and the remainder on a big red apple ... To me, the mind of a poet resembles Fortunatus’s purse: the more spent, the more it supplies.

“There are many writers who deliberately contract the circle of their interests. They refuse to participate in the public life of their time, or even in the discussion of social questions. They avoid general ideas, are ‘bored’ by this, ‘not concerned’ with that. They confine themselves to literary matters — in the end, to literary gossip. And they neglect the work of expanding the human mind to its extremest limits of thought and feeling — which, as I take it, is the aim of literature.”

I was grandiloquent in those days; I was also highly moral, but in a fashion acquired from my Dada friends. A writer could steal, murder, drink or be sober, lie to his friends or with their wives: all this, I said, was none of my concern; but my tolerance did not extend to his writing, from which I demanded high courage, absolute integrity and a sort of intelligence that was in itself a moral quality. And I was romantic, too, in the strict sense of the word. After a period of admiring French classicism, I had taken to reading and praising the writers of the Romantic era, from Monk Lewis and Byron to Gérard de Nerval and Pétrus Borel. At the same time I was interested in applying their methods to new material drawn from the age of technology and high-pressure selling. I was determined to be humorless, having developed a furious contempt for “those beaten people who regard their own weakness with a deprecatory smile.” And I had catchwords that reappeared in everything I wrote: “disinterestedness,” “indiscretion” (I considered it a high virtue), “disdain,” “significant” or “arbitrary gestures,” “violence,” “manifestoes,” “courage.”

My letters were filled with impractical projects:

“Yesterday, Kenneth,” I wrote on June 29, “it struck me with the force of revelation that the time has come for us to write some political manifestoes. We are not critics or short-story writers; we are poets: in other words, we are interested in every form of human activity. To be ticketed and dismissed as such-and-such a sort of writer gives me a pain behind the ears. Also, I am eaten with the desire to do something significant and indiscreet. An Open Letter to President Harding. An Open Letter to the Postmaster General on the Censorship, in which I admit the right to censor, point out how dangerous my opinions are, even in book reviews, and demand why I am not suppressed. And other manifestations: for example, a call to voters to cease voting, an attack on the liberals, an attack on the Socialists and Communists. Imagine all these documents appearing together in a political issue of Broom. What a stink. But the stink would mean something. In a country as hypocritical as the United States, merely to enumerate the number of laws one has broken would be a significant gesture. And if all the literary forces of law and order rose up against us, we could always retire to farming or reading proofs. Think it over. The step is not to be taken tomorrow. And I have the feeling, Kenneth, that some such courageous and indiscreet step is required of us, if we are not going to resign ourselves to petty literary wars with Ezra Pound, Robert McAlmon, even Floyd Dell.”

And so I was planning to carry literary ideals into the political world; I was contemplating a crusade and was prepared to be one of the leaders. But I was also a disciple: for the first and last time in my life I admitted to having a master.

“I have been intending to write you a letter about Louis Aragon,” I said on June 4, “for his is a character which demands a long explanation ... Imagine this elegant young man, from a family whose social position is above reproach: a young man so gifted that the word ‘genius’ must have been applied to him ever since he was four years old and wrote his first novel. A brilliant career stretches in front of him. He has read everything and mastered it. Suddenly, at a given age, he rejects his family and social connections and, with a splendid disdain acquired from his early successes, begins to tell everybody exactly what he thinks. And he continues to be successful. He has so much charm, when he wishes to use it, that it takes him years to make an enemy; but by force of repeated insults he succeeds in this aim also. He retains all that hatred of compromise which is the attribute of youth—and of a type of youth we never wholly possessed. He disapproves of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*; therefore he refuses to write for it, although all other channels of publication are closed to him already.

“He lives literature. If I told him that a poem of Baudelaire’s was badly written, he would be capable of slapping my face. He judges a writer largely by his moral qualities, such as courage, vigor of feeling, the refusal to compromise. He proclaims himself a romantic. In practice this means that his attitude toward women is abominable: he is either reciting poetry, which soon ceases to interest them, or trying to sleep with them, which they say becomes equally monotonous. He is always seriously in love; he never philanders. Often he is a terrible bore. He is an egoist and vain, but faithful to his friends ... I have met other people whose work is interesting, but Aragon is the only

one to impose himself by force of character. I ought to add that he has a doglike affection for André Breton.

“My apologies for this long digression, but I think it will explain a good deal.” Aragon, indeed, was affecting me more than I liked to admit. Under his influence I was becoming a Dadaist in spite of myself, was adopting many of the Dada standards, and was even preparing to put them into action.

4: Significant Gesture

During the last three weeks before sailing for America, I wrote no letters. I was much too excited to write letters; I had never, in fact, spent prouder, busier or more amusing days. I was being arrested and tried for punching a café proprietor in the jaw.

He deserved to be punched, though not especially by me; I had no personal grudge against him. His café, the Rotonde, had long been patronized by revolutionists of every nation. Lenin used to sit there, I was told; and proletarian revolts were still being planned, over coffee in the evening, by quiet men who paid no attention to the hilarious arguments of Swedish and Rumanian artists at the surrounding tables. The proprietor— whose name I forget—used to listen unobtrusively. It was believed, on more or less convincing evidence, that he was a paid informer. It was said that he had betrayed several anarchists to the French police. Moreover, it was known that he had insulted American girls, treating them with the cold brutality that

French café proprietors reserve for prostitutes. He was a thoroughly disagreeable character and should, we felt, be called to account.

We were at the Dôme, ten or twelve of us packed together at a table in the midst of the crowd that swirled in the Boulevard Montparnasse. It was July 14, 1923, the national holiday. Chinese lanterns hung in rows among the trees; bands played at every corner; everywhere people were dancing in the streets. Paris, deserted for the summer by its aristocrats, bankers and politicians, forgetting its hordes of tourists, was given over to a vast plebeian carnival, a general madness in which we had eagerly joined. Now, tired of dancing, we sipped our drinks and talked in loud voices to make ourselves heard above the music, the rattle of saucers, the shuffle of feet along the sidewalk. I was trying, with my two hands on the table, to imitate the ridiculous efforts of Tristan Tzara to hop a moving train. “Let’s go over,” said Laurence Vail, tossing back his long yellow hair from his forehead, “and assault the proprietor of the Rotonde.”

“Let’s,” I said.

We crossed the street together, some of the girls in bright evening gowns and some in tweeds, Louis Aragon slim and dignified in a dinner jacket, Laurence bareheaded and wearing a raincoat which he never removed in the course of the hot starlit night, myself coatless, dressed in a workman’s blue shirt, worn trousers and rope-soled shoes. Delayed and separated by the crowd on the pavement, we made our way singly into the bar, which I was the last to enter. Aragon, in periodic sentences pronounced in a beautifully modulated voice,

was expressing his opinion of all stool pigeons — *mouchards* — and was asking why such a wholly contemptible character as the proprietor of the Rotonde presumed to solicit the patronage of respectable people. The waiters, smelling a fight, were forming a wall of shirt fronts around their employer. Laurence Vail pushed through the wall; he made an angry speech in such rapid French that I could catch only a few phrases, all of them insults. The proprietor backed away; his eyes shifted uneasily; his face was a dirty white behind his black mustache. Harold Loeb, looking on, was a pair of spectacles, a chin, a jutting pipe and an embarrassed smile.

I was angry at my friends, who were allowing the situation to resolve into a series of useless gestures; but even more I was seized with a physical revulsion for the proprietor, with his look of a dog caught stealing chickens and trying to sneak off. Pushing past the waiters, I struck him a glancing blow in the jaw. Then, before I could strike again, I was caught up in an excited crowd and forced to the door.

Five minutes later our band had once more assembled on the terrace of the Dôme. I had forgotten the affair already: nothing remained but a vague exhilaration and the desire for further activity. I was obsessed with the idea that we should changer de quartier: that instead of spending the rest of the night in Montparnasse, we should visit other sections of Paris. Though no one else seemed enthusiastic, I managed by force of argument to assemble five hesitant couples, and the ten of us went strolling southeastward along the Boulevard Montparnasse.

On reaching the first café we stopped for a drink of beer and a waltz under the chestnut trees. One couple decided to return to the Dôme. Eight of us walked on to another café, where, after a bock, two other couples became deserters. “Let’s change our quarter,” I said once more. At the next café, Bob Coates consulted his companion. “We’re going back to the Dôme,” he said. Two of us walked on sadly. We caught sight of Montrouge — more Chinese lanterns and wailing accordions and workmen dancing with shopgirls in the streets — then we too returned to Montparnasse.

It was long after midnight, but the streets were as crowded as before and I was eager for adventure. At the Dôme I met Tristan Tzara, seized him by the arm and insisted that we go for a stroll. We argued the question whether the Dada movement could be revived. Under the chestnut trees we met a high-brown woman dressed in barbaric clothes; she was thought to be a princess from Senegal. I addressed her extravagant compliments in English and French; Tzara added others in French, German and his three words of Rumanian. “Go ’way, white boys,” she said in a Harlem voice. We turned back, passing the crowded terrace of the Rotonde. The proprietor was standing there with his arms folded. At the sight of him a fresh rage surged over me.

“*Quel salaud!*” I roared for the benefit of his six hundred customers. “*Ah, quel petit mouchard!*”

Then we crossed the street once more toward the Dôme, slowly. But when I reached the middle of the tracks I felt each of my arms seized by a little blue policeman. “Come along with us,” they said. And they marched me toward

the station house, while Tzara rushed off to get the identification papers left behind in my coat. The crowds disappeared behind us; we were alone—I and the two flics and the proprietor of the Rotonde.

One of the two policemen was determined to amuse himself. “You’re lucky,” he said, “to be arrested in Paris. If you were arrested by those brutal policemen of New York, they would cuff you on the ear—like this,” he snarled, cuffing me on the ear, “but in Paris we pat you gently on the shoulder.”

I knew I was in trouble. I said nothing and walked peacefully beside him.

“Ah, the police of Paris are incomparably gentle. If you were arrested in New York, they would crack you in the jaw—like this,” he said, cracking me in the jaw, “but here we do nothing; we take you with us calmly.”

He rubbed his hands, then thrust his face toward mine. His breath stank of brandy.

“You like the police of Paris, *hein?*”

“Assuredly,” I answered. The proprietor of the Rotonde walked on beside us, letting his red tongue play over the ends of his mustache. The other flic said nothing.

“I won’t punch you in the nose like the New York policemen,” said the drunken man, punching me in the nose. “I will merely ask you to walk on in front of me ... Walk in front of me, pig!”

I walked in front of him, looking back suspiciously under my armpit. His hand was on his holster, loosening the flap. I had read about people shot “while trying to escape” and began walking so very slowly that he had to kick me in the heels to urge me up the steps of the police station. When we stood at the desk before the sergeant, he charged me with an unprovoked assault on the proprietor of the Rotonde—and also with forcibly resisting an officer. “Why,” he said, “he kicked me in the shins, leaving a scar. Look here!”

He rolled up his trouser leg, showing a scratch half an inch long. It was useless for me to object that my rope-soled shoes wouldn’t have scratched a baby. Police courts in France, like police courts everywhere, operate on the theory that a policeman’s word is always to be taken against that of an accused criminal.

Things looked black for me until my friends arrived—Laurence and Louis and Jacques Rigaut and my wife—bearing with them my identification papers and a supply of money. Consulting together, we agreed that the drunken policeman must be bribed, and bribed he was: in the general confusion he was bribed twice over. He received in all a hundred and thirty francs, at least four times as much as was necessary. Standing pigeon-toed before the sergeant at the desk and wearing an air of bashful benevolence, he announced that I was

a pretty good fellow after all, even though I had kicked him in the shins. He wished to withdraw the charge of resisting an officer.

My prospects brightened perceptibly. Everyone agreed that the false charge was the more serious of the two. For merely punching a stoolpigeon, the heaviest sentence I could receive would be a month in jail. Perhaps I would escape with a week.

A preliminary hearing was held on the following evening, after a night in jail and a day spent vainly trying to sleep between visits from the police and telephone calls from anxious friends. I stopped at the Dôme to collect my witnesses; fortunately there was a party that evening and they were easy to find. They consisted of nine young ladies in evening gowns. None of them had been present at the scene in the Rotonde the night before, but that didn't matter: all of them testified in halting French that I hadn't been present either; the whole affair was an imposition on a writer known for his serious character; it was a hoax invented by a café proprietor who was a pig and very impolite to American young women.

The examining magistrate was impressed. He confided later to André Salmon that the proprietor of the Rotonde had only his waiters to support the story he told, whereas I had nine witnesses, all of them very respectable people, *des gens très bien*. That helped Salmon to get me out of the scrape, although he also brought his own influence to bear. He was a poet and novelist who was also a star reporter and covered all the important murder trials for *Le Matin*.

Since magistrates liked to be on good terms with him, he managed to have my trial postponed from day to day and finally abandoned.

But the most amusing feature of the affair, and my justification for dealing with it at length, was the effect it produced on my French acquaintances. They looked at me with an admiration I could not understand, even when I reflected that French writers rarely came to blows and that they placed a high value on my unusual action. Years later I realized that by punching a café proprietor in the jaw I had performed an act to which all their favorite catchwords could be applied. First of all, I had acted for reasons of public morality; bearing no private grudge against my victim, I had been *disinterested*. I had committed an *indiscretion*, acted with *violence* and *disdain* for the law, performed an *arbitrary* and *significant gesture*, uttered a *manifesto*; in their opinion I had shown courage ... For the first time in my life I became a public character. I was entertained at dinners and cocktail parties, interviewed for the newspapers, asked to contribute to reviews published by the Dadaists in Amsterdam, Brussels, Lyon and Belgrade. My stories were translated into Hungarian and German. A party of Russian writers then visiting Paris returned to Moscow with several of my poems, to be printed in their own magazines.

The poems were not at all revolutionary in tone, but they dealt with a subject that, in those briefly liberal days of the New Economic Policy in Russia, had been arousing the enthusiasm of Soviet writers. They were poems about America, poems that spoke of movies and skyscrapers and machines, dwelling upon them with all the nostalgia derived from two long years of exile. I, too, was enthusiastic over America; I had learned from a distance to admire its

picturesque qualities. And I was returning to New York with a set of values that bore no relation to American life, with convictions that could not fail to be misunderstood in a country where Dada was hardly a name, and moral judgments on literary matters were thought to be in questionable taste—in a city where writers had only three justifications for their acts: they did them to make money, or to get their name in the papers, or because they were drunk.

Fearing God and Nothing Else by Winston Churchill

MIT Mid-Century Convocation, March 31, 1949

Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), Boston, Massachusetts

I am honoured by your wish that I should take part in the discussions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We have suffered in Great Britain by the lack of colleges of University rank in which engineering and the allied subjects are taught. Industrial production depends on technology and it is because the Americans, like the prewar Germans, have realized this and created institutions for the advanced training of large numbers of high-grade engineers to translate the advances of pure science into industrial technique, that their output per head and consequent standard of life are so high. It is surprising that England, which was the first country to be industrialized, has nothing of comparable stature. If tonight I strike other notes than those of material progress, it implies no want of admiration for all the work you have done and are doing. My aim, like yours, is to be guided by balance and proportion.

The outstanding feature of the Twentieth Century has been the enormous expansion in the numbers who are given the opportunity to share in the larger and more varied life which in previous periods was reserved for the few and for the very few. This process must continue and we trust at an increasing rate. If we are to bring the broad masses of the people in every land to the table of abundance, it can only be by the tireless improvement of all our means of technical production, and by the diffusion in every form of education of an

improved quality to scores of millions of men and women. Even in this darkling hour I have faith that this will go on.

I rejoice in Tennyson's lines:-

*"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, even reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."*

I was however a little disquieted that you find it necessary to debate the question, to quote Dr. Burchard's opening address, "Whether the problem of world production yielding at least a minimum living to the whole population can be solved, and whether man has so destroyed the resources of his world that he may be doomed to die of starvation." If, with all the resources of modern science, we find ourselves unable to avert world famine, we shall all be to blame, but a peculiar responsibility would rest upon the scientists. I do not believe they will fail, but if they do, or were not allowed to succeed, the consequences would be very unpleasant because it is certain that mankind would not agree to starve equally, and there might be some very sharp disagreements about how the last crust was to be shared. This would simplify our problem in an unduly primordial manner.

I feel somewhat overawed in addressing this vast scientific and learned audience on the subjects which your Panels are discussing. I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along. Therefore I speak with a diffidence, which I hope to overcome as I proceed, on these profound scientific, social and philosophic issues, each of

which claims a life-long study for itself, and are now to be examined, as schoolmen would say, not only in their integrity but in their relationship, meaning thereby not only one by one but all together.

I was so glad that in the first instance you asked me to talk about the past rather than to peer into the future because I know more about the past than I do about the future, and I was well content that the President of the United States, whose gift of prophecy was so remarkably vindicated by recent electoral results, should have accepted that task. We all regret that his heavy state duties prevent him from being here tonight. I shall therefore presently have to do a little of the peering myself.

For us in Britain the Nineteenth Century ended amid the glories of the Victorian era, and we entered upon the dawn of the Twentieth in high hope for our country, our Empire and the world. The latter and larger part of the Nineteenth Century had been the period of liberal advance (liberal with a small 'l' please). In 1900 a sense of moving hopefully forward to brighter, broader and easier days was predominant. Little did we guess that what has been called the Century of the Common Man would witness as its outstanding feature more common men killing each other with greater facilities than any other five centuries together in the history of the world. But we entered this terrible Twentieth Century with confidence. We thought that with improving transportation nations would get to know each other better. We believed that as they got to know each other better they would like each other more, and that national rivalries would fade in a growing international consciousness. We took it almost for granted that science would confer continual boons and

blessings upon us, would give us better meals, better garments and better dwellings for less trouble, and thus steadily shorten the hours of labour and leave more time for play, and culture. In the name of ordered but unceasing progress, we saluted the Age of Democracy expressing itself ever more widely through Parliaments freely and fairly elected on a broad or universal franchise. We saw no reason why men and women should not shape their own home life and careers without being cramped by the growing complexity of the State, which was to be their servant and the protector of their rights. You had the famous American maxim "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and we both noticed that the world was divided into peoples that owned the Governments and Governments that owned the peoples. At least I heard all this around that time and liked some of it very much.

I was a Minister in the British Liberal Government (large "L" please), returned with a great majority in 1906. That new Liberal Government arrived in power with much of its message already delivered and most of its aims already achieved. The days of hereditary aristocratic privilege were ended or numbered. The path was opened for talent in every field of endeavour. Primary education was compulsory, universal and free, or was about to become so. New problems arising from former successes awaited the new Administration. The independence of the proletariat from thralldom involved at least a minimum standard of life and labour and security for old age, sickness, and the death of the family breadwinner. It was to these tasks of social reform and insurance that we addressed ourselves. The name of Lloyd George will ever be associated in Great Britain with this new departure. I am

proud to have been his Lieutenant in this work and also as a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer and later as head of the wartime National Coalition to have carried these same themes further forward on a magnified scale.

Science presently placed novel and dangerous facilities in the hands of the most powerful countries. Humanity was informed that it could make machines that would fly through the air and vessels which could swim beneath the surface of the seas. The conquest of the air and the perfection of the art of flying fulfilled the dream which for thousands of years had glittered in human imagination. Certainly it was a marvellous and romantic event. Whether the bestowal of this gift upon an immature civilization composed of competing nations whose nationalism grew with every advance of democracy and who were as yet devoid of international organization, was a blessing or a curse has yet to be proved. On the whole I remain an optimist. For good or ill Air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power, and fleets and armies, however necessary, must accept a subordinate rank. This is a memorable milestone in the march of man.

The submarine, to do it justice, has never made any claim to be a blessing or even a convenience. I well remember when it became an accomplished military fact of peculiar significance to the British Isles and the British Navy, there was a general belief even in the Admiralty where I presided, that no nation would ever be so wicked as to use these under-water vessels to sink merchantmen at sea. How could a submarine, it was asked, provide for the safety of the crews of the merchant ships it sank? Public opinion was shocked

when old Admiral Fisher bluntly declared that this would be no bar to their being used by the new and growing German Navy in a most ruthless manner. His prediction was certainly not stultified by what was soon to happen.

Here then we have these two novel and potent weapons placed in the hands of highly nationalized sovereign States in the early part of the Twentieth Century, and both of them dwell with us today for our future edification.

A third unmeasured sphere opened to us as the years passed, which, for the sake of comprehensive brevity, I will describe as Radar. This Radar, with its innumerable variants and possibilities, has so far been the handmaiden of the air, but it has also been the enemy of the submarine and in alliance with the air may well prove its exterminator.

In the first half of the Twentieth Century, fanned by the crimson wings of war, the conquest of the air affected profoundly human affairs. It made the globe seem much bigger to the mind and much smaller to the body. The human biped was able to travel about far more quickly. This greatly reduced the size of his estate, while at the same time creating an even keener sense of its exploitable value. In the Nineteenth Century Jules Verne wrote "Round the World in Eighty Days". It seemed a prodigy. Now you can get round it in four; but you do not see much of it on the way. The whole prospect and outlook of mankind grew immeasurably larger, and the multiplication of ideas also proceeded at an incredible rate. This vast expansion was unhappily not accompanied by any noticeable advance in the stature of man, either in his mental faculties, or his moral character. His brain got no better, but it buzzed

more. The scale of events around him assumed gigantic proportions while he remained about the same size.

By comparison therefore he actually became much smaller. We no longer had great men directing manageable affairs. The need was to discipline an array of gigantic and turbulent facts. To this task we have certainly so far proved unequal. Science bestowed immense new powers on man and at the same time created conditions which were largely beyond his comprehension and still more beyond his control. While he nursed the illusion of growing mastery and exulted in his new trappings, he became the sport and presently the victim of tides, and currents, of whirlpools and tornadoes amid which he was far more helpless than he had been for a long time.

Hopeful developments in many directions were proceeding in 1914 on both sides of the Atlantic and seemed to point to an age of Peace and Plenty when suddenly violent events broke in upon them. For more than forty years there had been no major war in Europe. Indeed since the Civil War in the United States, there had been no great struggle in the West. A spirit of adventure stirred the minds of men and was by no means allayed by the general advance of prosperity and science. On the contrary prosperity meant power, and science offered weapons. We read in the Bible "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." For several generations Britannia had ruled the waves - for long periods at less cost annually than that of a single modern battleship.

History, will say that this great trust was not abused. American testimony about the early period of the Monroe Doctrine is upon record. There was the

suppression of the Slave Trade. During our prolonged period of naval supremacy undeterred by the rise of foreign tariffs, we opened our ports freely to the commerce of the world. Our Colonial and oriental empire, even our coastal trade, was free to the shipping of all the nations on equal terms. We in no way sought to obstruct the rise of other States or Navies. For nearly the whole of the Nineteenth Century the monopoly of sea power in British hands was a trust discharged faithfully in the general interest. But now in the first decade of the Twentieth Century with new patterns of warships, naval rivalries became acute and fierce. Civilized Governments began to think in Dreadnoughts. It would in such a setting have been very difficult to prevent the First World War.

There was of course one way - one way then as now - the creation of an international instrument, strong enough to adjust the disputes of nations and enforce its decisions against an aggressor. Much wisdom, eloquence and earnest effort was devoted to this theme in which the United States took the lead, but we only got as far as the World Court at the Hague and improvements in the Geneva Convention. The impulses towards a trial of strength in Europe were the stronger. Germany, demanding her 'place in the sun', was faced by a resolute France with her military honour to regain. England, in accordance with her foreign policy of three hundred years, sustained the weaker side. France found an ally in the Russia of the Czars and Germany in the crumbling Empire of the Hapsburgs. The United States, for reasons which were natural and traditional, but no longer so valid as in the past, stood aloof and expected to be able to watch as a spectator, the thrilling, fearful drama unfold from

across what was then called "the broad Atlantic." These expectations were not borne out by what happened.

High hopes and spacious opportunities awaited the victorious allies when they assembled at Versailles after four and a half years of hideous mechanical slaughter, illuminated by infinite sacrifice, but not remarkably relieved by strategy or generalship. War, stripped of every pretention of glamour or romance had been brought home to the masses of the peoples in forms never before experienced except by the defeated. To stop another war was the supreme object and duty of the statesmen who met as friends and allies around the Peace Table. They made great errors. The doctrine of self-determination was not the remedy for Europe, which needed above all things, unity and larger groupings. The idea that the vanquished could pay the expenses of the victors was a destructive and crazy delusion. The failure to strangle Bolshevism at its birth and to bring Russia, then prostrate, by one means or another, into the general democratic system lies heavy upon us today. Nevertheless the statesmen at Versailles, largely at the inspiration of President Wilson, an inspiration implemented effectively by British thought, created the League of Nations. This is their defense before history, and had the League been resolutely sustained and used, it would have saved us all.

This was not to be. Another ordeal even more appalling than the first lay before us. Even when so much else had failed we could have obtained a prolonged peace, lasting all our lives at least, simply by keeping Germany disarmed in accordance with the Treaty, and by treating her with justice and magnanimity. This latter condition was very nearly achieved at Locarno in

1928, but the failure to enforce the disarmament clauses and above all to sustain the League of Nations, both of which purposes could easily have been accomplished, brought upon us the Second World War. Once again the English speaking world gloriously but narrowly emerged, bleeding and breathless, but united as we never were before. This unity is our present salvation, because after all our victories, we are now faced by perils, both grave and near, and by problems more dire than have ever confronted Christian civilization, even in this Twentieth Century of storm and change.

There remains however a key of deliverance. It is the same key which was searched for by those who laboured to set up the World Court at the Hague in the early years of the century. It is the same conception as animated President Wilson and his colleagues at Versailles, namely the creation of a world instrument capable at least of giving to all its members Security against Aggression. The United Nations Organization which has been erected under the inspiring leadership of my great wartime friend, President Roosevelt, in place of the former League, has so far been rent and distracted by the antagonism of Soviet Russia and by the fundamental schism which has opened between Communism and the rest of mankind. But we must not despair. We must persevere, and if the gulf continues to widen, we must make sure that the cause of Freedom is defended by all the resources of combined forethought and superior science. Here lies the best hope of averting a third world struggle, and a sure means of coming through it without being enslaved or destroyed.

One of the questions which we are debating here is defined as "the failure of social and political institutions to keep pace with material and technical

change." Scientists should never underrate the deep-seated qualities of human nature and how, repressed in one direction they will certainly break out in another. The genus homo if I may display my Latin - is a tough creature who has travelled here by a very long road. His nature has been shaped and his virtues ingrained by many millions of years of struggle, fear and pain, and his spirit has, from the earliest dawn of history, shown itself upon occasion capable of mounting to the sublime, far above material conditions or mortal terrors. He still remains as Pope described him two hundred years ago:

*"Placed on this Isthmus of a middle State
A being darkly wise and rudely great
Created half to rise and half to fall
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all.
Sole Judge of truth in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest and riddle of the world."*

In his Introductory address, Dr. Burchard, the Dean of Humanities, spoke with awe of "an approaching scientific ability to control men's thoughts with precision." I shall be very content if my task in this world is done before that happens. Laws just or unjust may govern men's actions. Tyrannies may restrain or regulate their words. The machinery of propaganda may pack their minds with falsehood and deny them truth for many generations of time. But the soul of man thus held in trance or frozen in a long night can be awakened by a spark coming from God knows where and in a moment the whole structure of lies and oppression is on trial for its life. Peoples in bondage should never despair. Science no doubt could if sufficiently perverted

exterminate us all but it is not in the power of material forces in any period which the youngest here tonight need take into practical account, to alter the main elements in human nature or restrict the infinite variety of forms in which the soul and genius of the human race can and will express itself.

How right you are in this great Institution of technical study and achievement to keep a Dean of Humanities and give him so commanding a part to play in your discussions! No technical knowledge can outweigh knowledge of the humanities in the gaining of which philosophy and history walk hand in hand. Our inheritance of well-founded slowly conceived codes of honour, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow. Those whose minds are attracted or compelled to rigid and symmetrical systems of government should remember that logic, like science, must be the servant and not the master of man. Human beings and human societies are not structures that are built or machines that are forged. They are plants that grow and must be tended as such. Life is a test and this world a place of trial. Always the problems or it may be the same problem will be presented to every generation in different forms. The problems of victory may be even more baffling than those of defeat. However much the conditions change, the supreme question is how we live and grow and bloom and die, and how far each life conforms to standards which are not wholly related to space or time.

Here I speak not only to those who enjoy the blessings and consolation of revealed religion but also to those who face the mysteries of human destiny

alone. The flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfilment of Spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival. Only by bringing it into perfect application can we hope to solve for ourselves the problems of this world and not of this world alone.

I cannot speak to you here tonight without expressing to the United States - as I have perhaps some right to do - the thanks of Britain and of Europe for the splendid part America is playing in the world. Many nations have risen to the summit of human affairs, but here is a great example where new-won supremacy has not been used for self-aggrandisement but only for further sacrifice.

Three years ago I spoke at Fulton under the auspices of President Truman. Many people here and in my own country were startled and even shocked by what I said. But events have vindicated and fulfilled in much detail the warnings which I deemed it my duty to give at that time.

Today there is a very different climate of opinion. I am in cordial accord with much that is being done. We have, as dominating facts, the famous Marshall Aid, the new unity in Western Europe and now the Atlantic Pact. How has this tremendous change in our outlook and policy been accomplished? The responsible Ministers in all the countries concerned deserve high credit. There is credit enough for all. In my own country the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, who has come here to sign the Atlantic Pact, has shown himself indifferent to mere party popularity in dealing with these great national issues. He has

shown himself, like many American public men, above mere partisan interest in dealing with these national and world issues. No one could however have brought about these immense changes in the feeling of the United States, Great Britain and Europe but for the astounding policy of the Russian Soviet Government. We may well ask, "Why have they deliberately acted so as to unite the free world against them?" It is certainly not because there are not very able men among them. Why have they done it? I offer you my own answer to this strange conundrum. It is because they fear the friendship of the West more than its hostility. They cannot afford to allow free and friendly intercourse to grow up between the vast area they control and the civilization of the West. The Russian people must not see what goes on outside, and the world must not see what goes on inside the Soviet domain. Fourteen men in the Kremlin, holding down hundreds of millions of people and aiming at the rule of the world feel that at all costs they must keep up the barriers. Self-preservation, not for Russia but for themselves, lies at the root and is the explanation of their sinister and malignant policy.

In consequence of the Soviet conduct the relations of Communist Russia with the other great powers of the world are without precedent in history. Measures and counter-measures have been taken on many occasions which in any previous period could only have meant armed conflict. The situation has been well described by distinguished Americans as the "cold war." And the question is asked "Are we winning the cold war?" This cannot be decided by looking at Europe alone. We must also look to Asia. The worst disaster since our victory has been the collapse of China under Communist attack and intrigue. China, in which the United States have always taken a high interest,

comprises an immense part of the population of the world. The absorption of China and India into the Kremlin-controlled Communist Empire, would certainly bring measureless bloodshed and misery to eight or nine hundred million people.

On the other hand, the position in Europe has so far been successfully maintained. The prodigious effort of the Berlin Air Lift has carried us through the winter. Time, though dearly-bought, has been gained for peace. The efficiency of the American and British Air Forces has been proved and improved. Most of all the spectacle of the British and Americans trying to feed the two million Germans in Berlin, while the Soviet Government was trying to starve them, has been an object lesson to the German people far beyond anything that words could convey. I trust that small and needless provocations of German sentiment may be avoided by the Western Powers. The revival and union of Europe cannot be achieved without the earnest and freely given aid of the German people.

The Air Lift has fully justified itself. Nevertheless, fear and its shadows brood over Western Europe today. A month ago in Brussels I spoke to a meeting of 30,000 Belgians. I could feel at once their friendship and their anxiety. They have no Atlantic Ocean, no English Channel, between them and the Russian Communist armoured divisions. Yet they bravely and ardently support the cause of United Europe. I was also conscious of the hope and faith which they, like the Greek people, place in the United States.

We are now confronted with something quite as wicked but in some ways more formidable than Hitler, because Hitler had only the Herrenvolk pride and anti-Semitic hatred to exploit. He had no fundamental theme. But these fourteen men in the Kremlin have their hierarchy and a church of Communist adepts, whose missionaries are in every country as a Fifth Column, awaiting the day when they hope to be the absolute masters of their fellow-countrymen and pay off old scores. They have their anti-God religion and their Communist doctrine of the entire subjugation of the individual to the State. Behind this stands the largest Army in the world, in the hands of a Government pursuing Imperialist expansion, as no Czar or Kaiser had ever done.

I must not conceal from you the truth as I see it. It is certain that Europe would have been communized and London under bombardment some time ago but for the deterrent of the Atomic Bomb in the hands of the United States.

Another question is also asked. Is time on our side? That is not a question that can be answered except within strict limits. We have certainly not an unlimited period of time before a settlement should be achieved. The utmost vigilance should be practised but I do not think myself that violent or precipitate action should be taken now. War is not inevitable. The Germans have a wise saying, "The trees do not grow up to the sky." Often something happens to turn or mitigate the course of events. Four or five hundred years ago Europe seemed about to be conquered by the Mongols. Two great battles were fought almost on the same day near Vienna and in Poland. In both of these the chivalry and armed power of Europe was completely shattered by the Asiatic hordes. It seemed that nothing could avert the doom of the famous

Continent from which modern civilization and culture have spread throughout the world. But at the critical moment the Great Khan died. The succession was vacant, and the Mongol armies and their leaders trooped back on their ponies across the seven thousand miles which separated them from their capital in order to choose a successor. They never returned till now.

We need not abandon hope or patience. Many favorable processes are on foot. Under the impact of Communism all the free nations are being welded together as they never have been before and never could be, but for the harsh external pressure to which they are being subjected. We have no hostility to the Russian people and no desire to deny them their legitimate rights and security. I hoped that Russia, after the war, would have access, through unfrozen waters, into every ocean, guaranteed by the World Organization of which she would be a leading member; that she should have the freest access, which indeed she has at the present time, to raw materials of every kind; and that the Russians everywhere would be received as brothers in the human family. That still remains our aim and ideal. We seek nothing from Russia but goodwill and fair play. If, however, there is to be a war of nerves, let us make sure our nerves are strong and are fortified by the deepest convictions of our hearts. If we persevere steadfastly together, and allow no appeasement of tyranny and wrong-doing in any form, it may not be our nerve or the structure of our civilization which will break, and peace may yet be preserved.

This is a hard experience in the life of the world. After our great victory, which we believed would decide the struggle for freedom for our time at least, we thought we had deserved better of fortune. But unities and associations are

being established by many nations throughout the free world with a speed and reality which would not have been achieved perhaps for generations. Of all these unities the one most precious to me is the fraternal association between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. Do not underrate the strength of Britain. As I said at Fulton, "Do not suppose that half a century from now you will not see seventy or eighty millions of Britons spread about the world and united in defence of our traditions, our way of life, and the world causes which you and we espouse." United we stand secure.

Let us then move forward together in discharge of our mission and our duty,

fearing God and nothing else.

Poetry From the Past

Poems by Isabella Valancy Crawford

Songs for the Soldiers

If songs be sung let minstrels strike their harps
To large and joyous strains, all thunder-winged
To beat along vast shores. Ay, let their notes
Wild into eagles soaring toward the sun,
And voiced like bugles bursting through the dawn
When armies leap to life! Give them such breasts
As hold immortal fires, and they shall fly,
Swept with our little sphere through all the change
That waits a whirling world.

Joy's an immortal;
She hath a fiery fibre in her flesh
That will not droop or die; so let her chant
The paeans of the dead, w^here holy Grief
Hath, trembling, thrust the feeble mist aside
That veils her dead, and in the wondrous clasp
Of re-possession ceases to be Grief.

Joy's ample voice shall still roll over all,
And chronicle the heroes to young hearts
Who knew them not
There's glory on the sword
That keeps its scabbard-sleep, unless the foe
Beat at the wall, then freely leaps to light

And thrusts to keep the sacred towers of Home
And the dear lines that map the nation out upon the world.

His Mother

In the first dawn she lifted from her bed
The holy silver of her noble head.
And listened, listened, listened for his tread.
'Too soon, too soon!' she murmured, 'Yet I'll keep
My vigil longer—thou, O tender Sleep,
Art but the joy of those who wake and weep!
'Joy's self hath keen, wide eyes. O flesh of mine.
And mine own blood and bone, the very wine
Of my aged heart, I see thy dear eyes shine!
'I hear thy tread ; thy light, loved footsteps run
Along the way, eager for that 'Well done!'
We'll weep and kiss to thee, my soldier son
'Blest mother I—he lives ! Yet had he died
Blest were I still,—I sent him on the tide
Of my full heart to save his nation's pride!'
'O God, if that I tremble so to-day.
Bowed with such blessings that I cannot pray
By speech—a mother prays, dear Lord, alway
'In some far fibre of her trembling mind!
I'll up—I thought I heard a bugle bind
Its silver with the silver of the wind.'

His Wife and Baby

In the lone place of the leaves,
Where they touch the hanging eaves,
There sprang a spray of joyous song that sounded sweet and
sturdy
;
And the baby in the bed
Raised the shining of his head.
And pulled the mother's lids apart to wake and watch the birdie.
She kissed lip-dimples sweet,
The red soles of his feet,
The waving palms that patted hers as wind-blown blossoms
wander
;
He twined her tresses silk
Round his neck as white as milk
—
'Now, baby, say what birdie sings upon his green spray yonder.'
'He sings a plenty things
—
Just watch him wash his wings I
He says Papa will march to-day with drums home through the
city.
Here, birdie, here's my cup.

You drink the milk all up;
I'll kiss you, birdie, now you're washed like baby clean and
pretty.'
She rose; she sought the skies
With the twin joys of her eyes;
She sent the strong dove of her soul up through the dawning's
glory ;
She kissed upon her hand
The glowing golden band
That bound the fine scroll of her life and clasped her simple
story.

His Sweetheart

Sylvia's lattices were dark —
Roses made them narrow.
In the dawn there came a Spark,
Armed with an arrow:
Blithe he burst by dewy spray,
Winged by bud and blossom.
All undaunted urged his way
Straight to Sylvia's bosom.
'Sylvia!' Sylvia! Sylvia!' he
Like a bee kept humming,
'Wake, my sweeting; waken thee,
For thy Soldier's coming!'

Sylvia sleeping in the dawn,
Dreams that Cupid's trill is
Roses singing, on the lawn,
Courting crested lilies.
Sylvia smiles and Sylvia sleeps,
Sylvia weeps and slumbers;
Cupid to her pink ear creeps,
Pipes his pretty numbers.
Sylvia dreams that bugles play,
Hears a martial drumming;
Sylvia springs to meet the day
With her Soldier coming.
Happy Sylvia, on thee wait
All the gracious graces!
Venus mild her cestus plait
Round thy lawns and laces!
Flora fling a flower most fair,
Hope a rainbow lend thee!
All the nymphs to Cupid dear
On this day befriend thee!
'Sylvia! Sylvia! Sylvia!' hear
How he keeps a-humming,
Laughing in her jewelled ear,
'Sweet, thy Soldier's coming!'

Poems by Ethelwyn Wetlierald

The Followers

One day I caught up with my angel, she
Who calls me bell-like from a sky-touched tower.
'T was in my roof-room, at the stillest hour
Of a still, sunless day, when suddenly
A flood of deep unreasoned ecstasy
Lifted my heart, that had begun to cower,
And wrapped it in a flame of living power.
My leader said, 'Arise and follow me.'
Then as I followed gladly I beheld
How all men baffled, burdened, crossed or curst,
Clutch at an angel's hem, if near or far;
One not-to-be-resisted voice, deep-belled.
Speaks to them, and of those we call the worst,
Lo, each poor blackened brow strains to a Star!

The Wind of Death

The wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose.
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-nig'ht has come to breathe on me.
There was a time I learned to hate

As weaker mortals learn to love
;
The passion held me fixed as fate.
Burned in my veins early and late;
But now a wind falls from above —
The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.
There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed.
And with his power my life was filled;
But now the old-time pulses stir
How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath.
And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete;
The wind blows loves like leaves apart —
The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.
O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee!

Prodigal Yet

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
Blackened my brow where all might see.
Yet while I was a great way off
My Father ran with compassion for me.
He put on my hand a ring of gold,
(There's no escape from a ring, they say)
He put on my neck a chain to hold
My passionate spirit from breaking away.
He put on my feet the shoes that miss
No chance to tread in the narrow path;
He pressed on my lips the burning kiss
That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.
He filled my body with meat and wine.
He flooded my heart with love's white light;
Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,
I long—God help me!— to wallow to-night.
Muck of the sty, reek of the trough.
Blacken my soul where none may see.
Father, I yet am a long way off—
Come quickly. Lord! Have compassion on me!

The Best of Art & Eros (2019 – 2022)

A Tribute to Stephen Hawking by Patrick Bruskiewich

Professor Hawking passed away in March, 2018. The following tribute was sent to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University Stephen Toope:

Stephen Hawking is standing before the gates of heaven ...

In surprise he exclaims

‘My God I am standing ...’

He looks up and sees the pearly gates and wonders aloud

“But why am I here? I don’t believe in God!”

At which point a voice from on high responds ...

*I know ...but it has been a long time
since I have had a good conversation.*

Le Bordel by Sophie

[*Vancouver*] Recently I was asked to write about the darker side of love in art for an art history course. I chose to write about one of the iconic paintings of the 20th century. One of the most remarkable and controversial paintings of the last century was the 1907 painting by Pablo Picasso know as *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* now hanging in the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The painting represents the darker side of love in art.



Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, Pablo Picasso, 1907 (MOMA)

Picasso himself called the painting *Le Bordel* because of the subject matter, which is that of five young nude prostitutes in several provocative figurative poses. The painting represents an artistic commentary by the artist who himself visited the many interesting brothels of France, including the brothels in Avignon.

The 2.44 m x 2.34 m oil painting is done in a primitive cubist style with raw colours and has no set perspective. This is one of the first monumental paintings done in the cubist style. In and above the subject matter, in painting this work of art Picasso abandoned perspective and rendered a large scale painting in a radical fashion.

The faces or visages of the five young women run the gamut (left to right) of representation to African primitive. The Venus of Delta is evident in several of the figures, however without defining features. The breasts of four of the five figures are evident, with the right hand woman sitting showing her back and backside to the viewer.

Two of the five prostitutes peer menacing at the viewer (the two women on the right hand side of the painting). Several of the women are rendered with cubist body shapes. The three figures on the left have facial expressions that reflect the Picasso's Iberian style, while the two on the right are shown with primitive mask faces.

Prostitution was hardly a new topic for European painters. For instance there is Francois Boucher's famous 1753 painting of Miss Murphy who was a famous concubine.



Miss Murphy, Francois Boucher, 1753

This 18th century French painting was done at the request of the patron of Miss Murphy, the King of France. It does not show much of the figure of Miss Murphy but the rosy hue to her skin incites a heightened sense of imagination.

Two 19th century paintings on the subject of prostitution and the darker side of love in art are *Olympia* and *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* both by the French Impressionist painter Edouard Manet.



Olympia, Edouard Manet, 1865 (Musee d'Orsay)

In this painting, Olympia is a famous concubine of the time and she looks out at the viewer in a resigned sense, painting the men in the audience as her patrons. Much of her figure is evident with her hand modestly placed across her femininity. You notice she is blushing, acknowledging that she is being viewed not as a work of art but as a woman who works another art, that of the prostitute.

Another painting that deals with the pleasures of the flesh is *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*



Dejeuner sur l'Herbe, Eduoard Manet, 1863 (Musee d'Orsay)

This painting is subtle in its message and can be seen in many different ways.

How is Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger* so different from other paintings about prostitution? It is because the painter Picasso is so different from his compatriots. It is in his nature to shock and he does this time and time again. There are only a few paintings that shock as much as Picasso aims to do, such as Gustave Courbet's painting *L'Origine de la Monde* and Orlan's 1989 spoof of Courbet, *L'Origine de la Guerre* with a male model (modesty prevents me from including these two works of art in my essay). Courbet's painting, which depicts a close-up view of the genitals and abdomen of a naked woman, shocked the Parisian artworld when it was first unveiled in 1866, around the

time that Eduoard Manet was showing his two paintings. We now know that an actual model sat for *L'Origine de la Monde* and that the model was a ballet dancer named Constance Queniaux. Picasso knew of and studied the artwork of Manet and Courbet.

For Picasso he would continue to shock after unveiling *Les Femmes d'Alger*. For instance he had his Minotaur series from the 1930's which Picasso admits was a self-portrait of his angst and appetites.



Minotaur and Sleeping Woman, Picasso



Minotaur as Bacchanal, Picasso

He had a love / hate relationship with woman, sometimes seeing them as goddesses and sometime not. He had many lovers in his life and fathered several children. He could not walk past a pretty woman without stopping to flirt with them. There are several books about Picasso and a famous movie *Life with Picasso*, based on a book by one of his lovers.

Some art historians have suggested that Pablo Picasso had a rather large libido and a certain misogynist side to him. You can sometimes see that in his art. For instance how else can one interpret his *Le Minotaur et la Femme*?



Le Minotaure et la Femme, Picasso

You can sense in his 1907 painting of a brothel in Avignon that Picasso's had both an appetite and an angst that reflected his view of women as goddesses and as concubine, and that his art from time to reflected the darker side to art.

Pictorial: Modern Tribute to Boucher



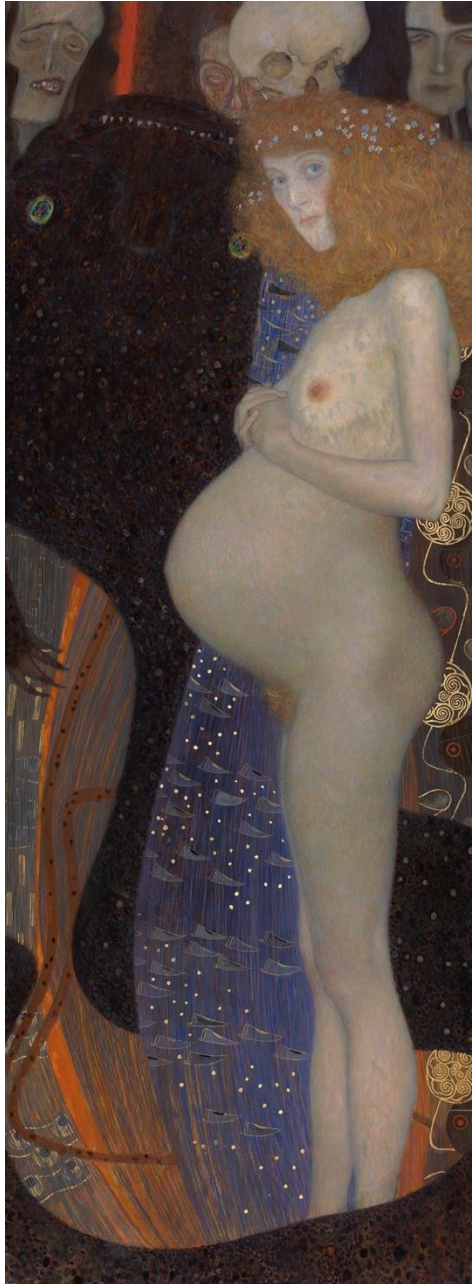
Art Nouveau a la Klimt by William Webster

[*New York*] I have to admit I am a great admirer of the artwork of the Austrian artist Gustav Klimt. Over the past twenty years I have seen a number of his paintings and sketches in museums and galleries across Europe and North America.

One of my favorite pieces is the painting *Hope I* which hangs in the National Gallery of Canada (Gustav Klimt, 1903, oil on canvas, 1.89 m x 0.67 m). It is a painting of a red haired woman, expecting a child and perhaps a handful of days from giving birth. The shape of her tummy is both realistic and comical, as is her expression. The woman is in the profile and she stands to one side of a background that is both dark and worrisome. It is a painting of one of Klimt's love interests as she awaits the birth of their illegitimate child.

When you stand back from this painting the skin of the woman appears soft. As you step closer to the painting the layer past the skin of the woman begins to shimmer with colors ... indigo and the like. This was done by Klimt in an effort to bring the painting to life.

In her hair there are '*forget me nots*' which are flowers which symbolize true love, faithfulness and memories. There is poignancy to such a message for it is hard to gauge for certain the age of the woman in the painting. The model may in fact be in her late teens or early twenties. The way she holds her hands over her stomach is a shy and intimate gesture, as if the viewer is a voyeur to her state of being.



Hope 1 (Nat. Gal. Canada)

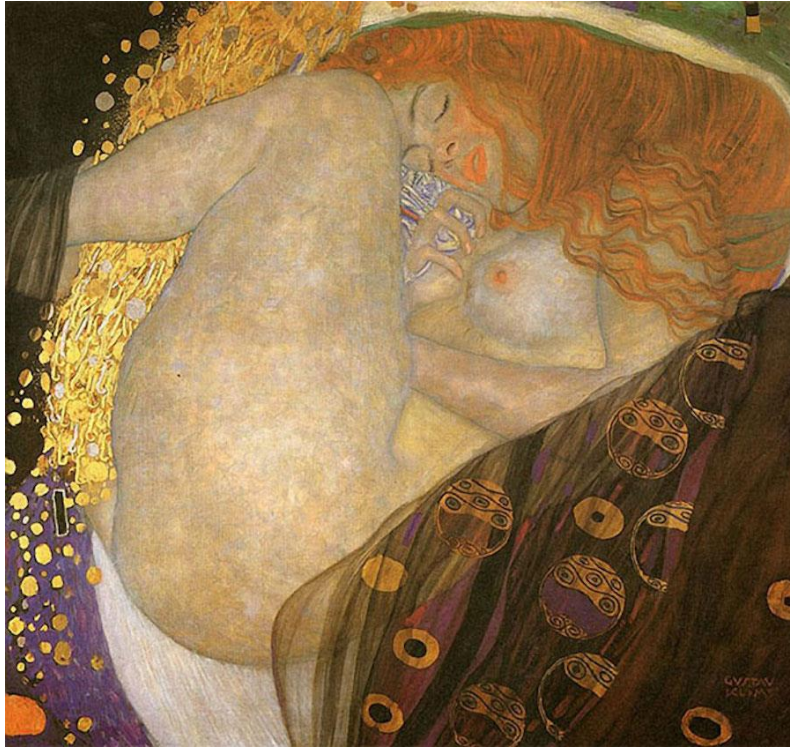
The model for this painting was Herma, one of Gustav Klimt's favorite models. When it came to figurative art, Gustav Klimt had a fetish for red

haired models. Herma had sat for Klimt on and off in 1902-03 and then disappeared for some month.

When Klimt heard she was ill, he sought her out he found her wrapped up in her bed and well along in her pregnancy. That very instance Klimt dragged her out of the comfort of her bed and to his studio and set her up on the pedestal in his cold studio where she stood, naked and vulnerable as he painted her in the nude. One must wonder whether the underlying colors of her skin represents the frigid atmosphere in Klimt's studio. It may seem a harsh thing to do but in fact it was a statement on his part that he was not about to abandon Herma and her child.

When this paintings was first shown in 1909, some six years after its completion, it caused a scandal in that it was one of the first times a pregnant, nude women was portrayed in a life sized painting. Although he completed the painting in 1903 to coincide with the birth of one of his illegitimate children with Herma (a daughter) Gustave Klimt chose to not show this work to the public until the Second Vienna Kunstschau in 1909.

In another of his famous paintings we find Danae (Gustav Klimt, 1907, Gallerie Wuhle, Vienna, 0.77 x 0.83 m) being impregnated by Jupiter. Painted in 1907 it appears to be the very same model Herma as she begins her pregnancy.



Danae (Galerie Wuhle, Vienna)

This painting is based on a series of drawings done by Klimt in the period 1903 to 1907. Many of these preliminary sketches borrowed ideas from drawings by Klimt's contemporary Egon Schiele.

As a symbolic theme the impregnation of Danaë was a popular subject in the early 1900s for many avant garde artists. Danaë was used as the quintessential symbol of divine love, and transcendence. Her story comes from classical mythology. As a virgin princess, when while she was locked by her father, King of Argos, in a tower of bronze, the chaste Danaë was visited and seduced by Zeus.

In Klimt's painting she is being impregnated which is symbolized as the golden rain flowing between her legs. To remind us of her royal lineage, Danaë is curled in a royal purple veil in Klimt's painting. It is apparent from her face that Danaë is enjoying her fate and is aroused, and almost orgasmic as the golden stream enters her from above. From this seduction Danaë would bare Zeus a son, Perseus who would go on to slay the Gorgon witch Medusa and to later rescue Andromeda from the sea monster.

In a modern tribute to Gustav Klimt the Austrian photographer Inge Prader has set many of his paintings as *tableau vivant*, or living canvas with live models, grand and elaborate stage settings and actual gold to reflect Klimt's own artistic sensibilities.

Inge Prader has set a half dozen of Klimt's grand works as *tableau vivant*, most with four or more artist's model. However in Prader's only Klimt rendition with a single model, that of his 1907 painting Danaë, we find a less than earnest effort than is found in Inge Prader's more elaborate rendering.

This photograph leaves me somewhat disappointed. That having been said, it still serves to remind us that many of Klimt's paintings are about the realities of life, and of death.

What better way of reminding us of this but in *Art Nouveau a la Klimt* ... with live models.



Danaë (Inge Prader)

In viewing both the painting and the tableau vivant of Danaë I am reminded of a poem I read a few years back titled *On Viewing Danaë for the First Time* by the Canadian poet Patrick Bruskiewich ...

On Viewing Klimt's Danaë for the First Time

It was hard-on the first view
not to imagine a story behind
the painting. It was in Klimt's
studio that they first met –
a pfenning muse amongst the

amusing naked models – tall
ones, short ones, chubby ones,
some bossoms more bountiful
than others, thin ones too, some
too young to admit, no hags
or rags here, just beautiful women
waiting to be immortalized. There
were blondes, brunettes and red
heads – Gustav loved red
heads – her name was Molly
and she was a dish. It was not
just the hair on her head
he adored, but the fiery red
in that other private place that
fixated his amorous loins
and drove his art, much more
than his heart. He sketched her,
then mollified her in a painting
of divine rape – if there was
such a thing. For no longer was
Gustav a mere artist but a God,
And she not a mere moll but a diva.
Between her loins he set the molasses
Of him, for it could not be golden
Given his sickly state – Vienna
Had been too kind to him!

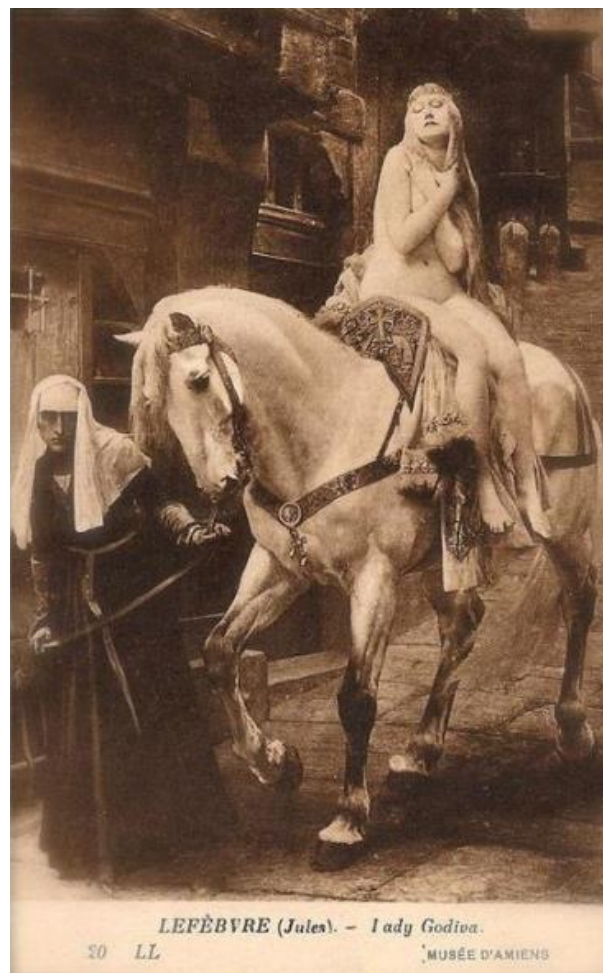
But no matter, she felt mollitious,
having dashed from one state of
bliss to another across Europa.
She was, after all, a plain and simple
woman – but Gustav painted her
with mollescent divinity, he her
Jupiter and she soon to give
life to their Perseid, a star
that fell from heaven, a
daughter. His love towards
her was mollitious, for he was
after all a mollusk. While
she was with child Jupiter
was off with Venus, in some other
sacred place. But Danae was
used to being mollycoddle and so
coddle her he did, her and their
mollymawk, red hair as well.

As I stood before this painting
It was hard-on viewing Klimt's Danae
For the first time – not to fall
Completely and utterly in love,
And wonder what became of them both ...

Le Manège Godiva par Rose Lang

{Translated from the French}

[**Paris**] Girls like riding horses for many reasons. One reason is perhaps only evident to girls. When your legs are spread and the softness of your femininity is pressed upon, the feeling of your second pair of lips cannot be put into word. When I asked my grandmother about this feeling (I was too shy to ask my mother) she called this feeling ... ‘womanly pleasure.’



When I was a girl of eleven I had my first womanly pleasure. It was at a country fair outside of Paris on the day I was allowed to ride a horse for the first time. Once I mounted the horse I did not want to get off it. Look at me, I thought! The tingling between my legs and at the base of my spine was new to me and got more and more intense as I rocked back and forth at the canter. We were at the canter until the old mare I was on figured out what I was doing, stopped and then set her lazy eyes on me with an expression that could only have meant ... 'enough already.'

I did not want to get off her. But the old mare had had enough of me. She just stood there stubbornly! I even fought with my father as he tried to lift me off the horse. *Vous êtes un spolié!* (You are a spoiled one!) When my father lifted me out of the saddle I was so wet between my legs that he chastised me unknowingly for peeing my panties.

For the rest of that year I pleaded for my parents to get me a horse. It was when I told my grandmere why ... and she shared with me the fact she too had had her first womanly pleasures on a horse, that arrangements were made by her to let me visit a stable twice a month for a few hours a week to learn how to ride a horse. She had learned to ride horses at this same stable and had even sent my mother there when she was around my age.

From that day forward I rode horses there for many years. It was only when it was time for me to go off to university that I gave up this girlish pleasure for new and more womanly ones.

What I am about to tell you is a secret. Promise you will keep it between us! It was a secret with the girls that I rode with and the stable that I rode at. It was an all girl's stable that had their own very unique admittance. Both my grandmother and my mother had been through the same initiation. All new girls to the stable, irrespective of their age, had to take a commencement to become part of *la fraternité des chevaux* (their sisterhood of the horses). Supposedly this induction into the sisterhood started over two hundred years ago.

All new girls to the stable, irrespective of their age, had to ride as Lady Godiva to become part of *la fraternité des chevaux*.

My mother didn't tell me anything about this. Perhaps she was too shy or too proud to admit to such an indiscretion. My grandmere told me to expect something unique to become a member of the sisterhood of horses and to trust the other girls. The week before my initiation ride my grandmere took me to a retrospective screening of the film *Lady Godiva* starring Maureen O'Hara at a boutique cinema across Paris.

The first time I went to ride I kept wondering what awaited me.

It was during the second visit to the stable, after riding for two hours as I dismounted I was met by a delegation of the older girls, blindfolded and then taken to a secret room somewhere in the stables. Before the blind fold was taken off I was sworn to secrecy and when it was removed I was met with one

of the most extraordinary sights. On the wall of this little room were paintings, sketches and even pictures of many of the girls who had ridden completely naked on their horses – their secret initiation was called *le manège Godiva* (the Lady Godiva ride).



Godiva means gift from God. They said being a pretty girl was a gift from God. That very afternoon would be my turn!

They walked me to my horse, got me to stand before it as they took off my riding clothes, panties and all ... the horse flared his nostrils as I stood before my mount, my hands covering *mes intimes*. Then I was lifted onto my mount by the girls and led by one of the older ones, rode my horse, side saddle around the paddock as they took my picture, a thin little girl with long pony tails hung over my non-existing breasts, and my legs pressed tightly together as I rode.

I was so nervous I nearly fell off my horse. But I held on with my lips wrapped tightly around the nub of my saddle. The effect was indescribable!

The horse trod at the leisure. I swayed back and forth. I don't know how the horse knew but *sur le point d'avoir l'orgasme*, it stopped and looked back at me with its gleaming eyes. Horses have an acute sense of smell.

My mount was a male. When I dismounted I was met by his splendor and was stood before him, *mes intimes* in his view and watched as one of the other girls tickled him with a giant feather until he popped like a well shaken bottle of champagne. *Ses dépenses étaient incroyables.*

I giggled hysterically in my nervousness and cried as the other girls hugged me and welcomed me into their sisterhood. *Pour devenir membre de la fraternité des chevaux, vous n'aviez pas seulement à monter, vous deviez faire venir votre monture.* My grandmere was a member but it seems my mother was not. She had run off when she spied her horse's splendour.

If you ever find the pictures from our *manège Godiva*, I am the little girl of twelve, with the biggest and proudest smile in the world! ...

Look at Me!





Lady Godiva by John Collier, 1897



Maureen O'Hara as Lady Godiva, 1952



Lady Godiva Ride in London (can you guess who I am?)







The Mix of a Perfect Martini by William Webster

I truly miss ...

The sound of ice cubes tingling within

A steel martini mixer.

I truly miss ...

The sight of a buxom barmaid

Jiggling as she shakes it.

I truly miss ...

The ‘*Want an olive with that?*’

And the smile when I ask for three.

I truly miss ...

The ‘*Did I make it just right this time?*’

And the smirk on her face when I say

Make me another one ...

You are getting better at it

Just shake it a bit more ... will’ ya!

A Valentine's Day Gift for Sophia by Patrick Bruskiewich

It is rather hard being a girl in the modern age. I have a friend named Sophia (not her real name) who is somewhat younger than me. She is a very moral person and does not let her boyfriends even get to first base. So boyfriends come and go like days of the week. Third base is out of the question. She wants to wait until she is married.

As a Catholic I find this commendable. When she asked me about this, in frustration; I told her that I waited until my wedding night. This revelation brought her respite from the daily peer pressure she endures from the randy roosters crowing around her, and from the hysterical hens, in her school. Sophia is a middle school student at an upscale private school. She is from China and is caught between two very different worlds. At times it is too much for her.

For the first time this Valentine's Day she is without her own Valentine. Her feelings are hurt. To bolster her a bit I sang her the old rhyme

*... A girl and her boy friend sitting in a tree, K I S S I N G, first comes love,
... then comes marriage ... then comes a baby in a baby carriage ...*

Sophia hasn't even kissed a boy.

I tutor Sophia middle school science. Her curriculum this year includes 'the birds and the bees.' Describing in a most prudent fashion the process by which

girl meets boy, girl and boy become intimate and well girl becomes a mother, got an exclamation from Sophia ... 'I think I will adopt, thank you!'

Gametes got her a back into her science, but realizing that the male haploid are like motor boats swimming within a woman's uterus was a bit too much for her. When she realized the human ovum was the size of the dot at the end of this sentence, and a full grown baby came from this, this put things into perspective for her. It is hard being a girl in the modern age. There is so much they need to think about.

Unlike me, Sophia is not Catholic. Her decision to wait is not a reflection of a religious morality. Her decision to wait until marriage is a wise one that reflects both her heritage and a respect for her own reproductive health. The idea of 250 million miniscule spermatozoa swimming freely within her uterus got her wondering about the rowdy roosters in her class who have already 'done it' many times with many different little hens. Dashing around the farmyard like that didn't seem all that hygienic to her. She is smart, Sophia, and she understand a thing or two about good medical science. She'll wait not because of any religious morality, but because of a scientific one.

So she has a stand-offish reputation in the farmyard. It has almost become a game for them to peck at her. The roosters are crowing 'cock a diddle do ...'

The hens squawk that Sophia is no different than they are.

In the midst of all this cacophony, I decided last week to paint Sophia a special Valentine's gift. Sometimes I find a good reason to paint. When my friend Salome was expecting her first baby I painted her *La Reine des Diamants* (The Queen of Diamonds), which celebrates her happiness in being a mother. When another friend Rachel married last December I painted her a gift of an ornate vase with three peacock feathers titled *Les Trois Plumes de Paon* (the Three Peacock Feathers). I have a French – Canadian heritage and when I produce a work of art I like giving the works French names.

For Sophia I am painting something special ... a tribute to her unique character. It is titled *Oiseau de Paradis* which is a majestic female Bird of Paradise which other birds can only admire from a distance for her poise and plumage, but can never get close enough to woo her ... unless she lets them. The vestal Sophia is without doubt a Bird of Paradise.

Last night as I sat and worked into the late hours on *Oiseau de Paradis* I thought I might even make the piece into a triptych, with Sophia's Valentine's gift the right hand side, the left hand painting a Peacock in full plumage and the middle canvas a plain nest with one little fuzzy and awkward looking baby bird. If I make it into a triptych I won't tell her about the other two paintings until she is married and then I might give her the other canvases. You guessed it about the nest and the little fuzzy one. To me a baby is a gift from God, a gift that is admirable beyond words.

It has been many years since I have had my own true Valentine's. My heart doesn't beat as warmly as someone half my age. My feathers have been ruffled

a few times too many by hysterical hens. I am past the age of roosting on fences and crowing. I know I am destined for the soup pot in the not too distant future.

If all I do this Valentine's is commend Sophia for her principles, then I will have paid fitting homage to my friend who is, without question, une Oiseau de Paradis.



Oiseau de Paradis (now hanging on Sophia's wall)

Drawing the Male Nude for the First Time by Cindy ...

I was very disappointed when my parents said NO!.

No!

No!

No!

Parents like to think they can protect their children from the sins in the world. Fathers like to think they are protecting their daughters. Traditional Chinese fathers in particular. But everywhere you turn there is sin and immorality of one sort or another. From a young age girls in particular learn to steer clear of it. It's the boys who are the ones to fall in with sin. It's the boys that should be locked away.

Why were my parents so emphatic in their NO? I am a teen age girl who wants to become an artist. Ever since I was old enough to hold a wax crayon I enjoyed the sensation of being creative. It brings a funny feeling to me, to my heart, my soul, to my belly and ... to my sex. Yes, I have used that three letter word ... but not to express sin but to express something artistry. I think that feeling is pure happiness.

I am happiest when I am being artistic ... when I have a pencil, or a pastel in my hand, drawing the world around me. I have also discovered the joys of painting and of sculpture.

When I was in elementary school I began to take an interest in drawing Manga – which is Japanese animation. Chinese have an artistic style but it is not as free and liberating as the Japanese. The Japanese live in a post-modern world while China is still very much pre-modern.

Yes, as you may have guessed. My parents at a young age sent me to learn traditional Chinese Art. I can do calligraphy and water colors –mostly in black watercolor – and have learned how to convey somber mood and seriousness to my art. But I don't really find traditional Chinese art all that interesting.

In middle school I took to drawing self-portraits and the portraits of my friends. I even made a few Mangas which I shared with some of my friends. The girls found them romantic and cute. The boys found them boring and well 'too girly.'

So one day I decided to shock the boys and drew a racy Manga with barely clothed girls with boys chasing them – trying to tear their clothes off. The Japanese call them *Kureiji Manga* which literally means *Crazy Manga*. Some of the boys thought I was drawing a 'wishful' Manga – that I wanted them to chase after me and well ... tear my clothes off me. One even tried, but I punched him in the eye. He got the message!

I still draw some *Kureiji Manga*, but I do so with a pen name ... *Green Apple* ... and in secret ... because the boys in my class still get a bit crazy. I have a Persian friend who is a bit crazy ... she suggested I start to draw bisexual Manga, with girl parts up top and boy parts down below. She even gave me a picture to use ...



I had some fun with my Persian friend and said “so that’s what boy bits look like ... sort of silly don’t you think?”

In the Manga, girls are playing boys ... the boy parts are ‘*strap-ons*’ ... something my Persian friend introduced me to. Where she got this thing I will never know. She has a way with her that is almost magical. She asked me

one day to play the boy while she wanted to, show me how IT is done. No ... I just played the boy. It was truly extraordinary. But I just *did IT* once with her last June. My Persian friend is back in Iran for the summer. Perhaps her parents know what she is up to? I hope she comes back.

If my mother ever found out that I sort of ‘did IT as a boy’ with my friend I would be locked away and she would throw away the key ... or worst yet, send me back to China to live with my Aunt and her three daughters.

In September I start my final year in high school and next year I hope to go to art school back east in either Toronto or Montreal. I have started to put together my portfolio for OCAD or Concordia. I admit I want to go somewhere else other than one of the universities here in Vancouver, like Emily Carr (but in the end I may have to go there if my parents don’t let me go to another city for university).

You see my parents don’t trust me. How I found this out was unexpected. One day in May when I was in the shower my mother came into the bathroom to give me a new towel and noticed I was shaved ... you know where ... down there.

She got very upset! She almost shrieked at me when she asked ... ‘*Who did this?*’ It was one of my school friends who had shaved me (don’t worry it was a friend) but I lied and said I had done it myself.

‘*Why! It is unnatural for you to do this.*’ She insisted she wanted to see.

I was embarrassed ... so at first said no. But my mother would not let me leave the bathroom until I let her see. So I leaned back against the wall, closed my eyes and spread my legs just a bit.

I could feel my mother's fingers spread my lips apart. Now I understood why she wanted to look. It wasn't about my lack of hair. She wanted to see whether I was still a virgin.

When I opened my eyes I was alone in the bathroom. I felt a strange sensation that was a mixture of both fear and anger.

My school friend who trimmed me back is my Persian friend who has lots of hair down there and under her arms. She has to shave herself quite often. Once when we were in the changing room at school I noticed out of the corner of my eye that her pubic hair was trimmed in the shape of a heart and so I asked her where she went to have it done.

“Oh, I have to do it myself. At \$ 50 each session I can't afford to have someone else do a Brazilian ...”

I am so naïve I had to ask her what a Brazilian was ... *“A trimming and waxing.”* I wax my legs once and awhile and boy does that hurt. I can only imagine how it feels to have your ... you know what ... waxed!

During this summer my parents finally let me take drawing classes at a teaching studio. But the one thing they would not let me do is draw the human figure. I was not even allowed to sit in as the other artists drew the female models. It wasn't as if I would not see something I haven't already seen, except perhaps bigger breasts than I have. Chinese girls rarely have big breasts. Mine are small like little apples ... In fact that is what I call them, my little apples. So for this July and August I started to draw portraits of instead. Most times it is the students at the art studio I visit each Thursdays.

Several of the European Masters inspire me in my art, including Rodin, Klimt, Picasso, Matisse and even Schiele. I have even sat and tried to draw myself ... in some of the poses you see in some of the great European Masters. When you hold a pencil you can experiment with so many drawing statements.

When we have life drawing in the studio I have to sit at my easel at the far side of the room with my back turned to the model's podium. I finally had a chance to draw the male figure for the first time. It was last week. The studio had a very broad minded male artist model in to sit. During the break he sat and ate some sushi and so I walked over and said hello to him. I made it looked like I was searching for some more charcoal for my drawing in a cupboard next to him. He smiled and looked back at my easel and asked me what I was drawing.

“Oh it's a self-portrait.”

“What is it for?”

“My portfolio for art school.”

“Can I go and see ...” and he got up and walked over to my easel. He stood there and admire my drawing. I stood next to him and when he leaned forward it was then that I noticed he had taken off his loin cloth and was holding it in his hand. He stepped back without noticing that I had caught a glimpse of him. My face went flush.

“It is very good ... your drawing.”

“Thank’s ...” I blushed even more.

“You don’t do life drawing?”

“I would like to but ...”

“But what?”

“My parents won’t let me.”

“Oh that’s too bad. You would enjoy life drawing.” There was a pause of a few seconds then he took up a pencil and wrote his email and the word *Atelier* on a corner of one of my pieces of paper and then set the pencil down.

“I have to go back now ...”

“Ok”

“You might want to move your easel a bit.”

“Why?”

You’ll see.” And with those three enigmatic words he walked back to the other side of the studio.

When the second half of the life drawing session began he loudly said to the other students “I am going to remove my loin cloth and wear some drapery, but I will keep my back turned to you so you can draw my back.”

My heart skipped a beat. If he was going to turn his back to the other students then this meant he would be facing me!

And sure enough as I looked up over at him there he stood on the podium like a roman senator, drapery hanging from both arms and his masculinity there bare to my view. I heard him say ... “it’s a fifteen minute pose so take your time.”

I knew he was speaking to me. I turned my easel slightly towards him, grabbed my charcoal and started to draw. That was the first time I drew the male form and enjoyed every minute of the experience.



Male Nude by George Hoyningen-Huene

At the end of the session after he dressed he walked slowly by my easel. He smiled at me as he walked past and whispered “now you have drawn the male form.”

I smiled back. I put my hand in my pocket and touched the piece of paper he had given me. My fingers tingled.

I want to come visit his Atelier and draw him some more!

Pictorial: Something Biblical ...



i am a fool by Wing Wing Fung

i am a fool
for believing that life
is intertwined and
created to my taste.

i am a fool
for believing and falling
for the micro problems
that inhibit my human experience
of the present

drowned in thoughts,
feelings, and things
i have been conditioned
to be my reality,

i have lost touch
with enjoying the present.
the mindless moment of the all.

to be lost amidst bliss
and find pleasure
between the self induced chaos.

turn off ...

the jarring feelings of anxiety

and enjoy the

contemporary way of life

of being free of primal traumas

and blocking out ... modern problems.

no longer shall we confine ourselves

within our own mental prisons

and see things for what they are.

see our life for what it is

- a mindless,

comical,

self controlled reality

engulfed in comfort,

safety,

and peace

These Unfulfilled Thoughts ... by Alyssa Yu

Forcefully my body
was dragged through
the dusted room.

My stitched rag frictioned
against the repelling floor ...
dead skin rapidly
drifted off my body.

Salted water leisurely
drained off of my pale expression,
my eyes reluctantly
stared at the ignoble man.

Gazing above, the clouded sky,
a slight of light radiated
on the surface of my skin,
drying the salted water.

Sitting on the turbid ground,
resting myself ...
hope ...
peace ...
home ...

family ...

friends...

these unfulfilled thoughts
revolved in my imagination.

Tears falling, drifting and evaporating.

The gun was propelled
into my aching hands.

I held it, sobbing.

How could I be holding this?

The black were shot vividly in sight.

Holding the gun,

hopelessly

placing my palm towards my eyes

Homo Sacer Ultima by Patrick Bruskiewich

Homo Sacer: [Latin] a man who is both blessed and cursed at the same time, and can be set to death, without the killer being regarded as a murderer. A person expunged from society, deprived of rights, and considered expendable. A status set upon a person who has breached a solemn oath. An outcast or outlaw.

Ultima: [Latin] The supreme or ultimate of something.

They stopped counting at thirty billion. That was several decades back. Like a field of wild flowers thriving in the warmth of the sun, humanity had grown unhindered, on the Master Planet Terra, then up in LEO, then onto and into the Moon that moles, and next to the surface of Mars, which was terraformed.

When this was still inadequate humanity spilled over to a growing number of asteroids, planetoids and satellites spanning six astronomical units in Solaris. For a generation, even comets were tried as habitats, but that experiment proved too problematic ... we were told. The *cometoids* as they were know, were criminals serving out long sentences of indentured servitude, rebelled for want of a more secure *gulagos*. They were the first of the modern day *Homo Sacer*.

In the midst of all this progress, heavy industry had ceased its existence on Terra, administration and agriculture became the master planet's main and only function. This bold step was meant to end the wretched undoing of the

pristine beauty of Earth. The climate had changed so much that the equatorial band was all but inhabitable due to arid and acidic trade winds. And humanity had been pushed into narrower and narrower habitable zones between the 23rd and the 63rd parallels. The world was divided North and South, East and West. To cross the land, the air or the oceans across the equatorial band was a peril few hazarded to take.

Then it was discovered that the great crack in the crust of the Earth in the Marianas was gulping in millions of tonnes of ocean water every sol, turning Terra arid, while quenching the spin of the Earth and diminishing the magnetic field protecting Terra's atmosphere from the solar wind. But only a few trusted administrators knew this. The populace could not be told this. How could the masses be told this – for they would want *something done* about this!

But no one knew what could be done to close the fissure and quench the Earth's appetite for its oceans. The thirst was growing perceptibly. Predictions were that Terra would become arid in a century or two. But then the obvious began as the water forced itself into the chemistry of the crust and the ring of fire began to erupt in a ferocity unrecorded in all humanity. The Pacific was the worst of it, due to its proximity to the Marianas. Tsunamis began to occur on an all too familiar basis. And then there was the release of gases and aerosols into the trade winds ... and then in short order the equatorials became uninhabitable.

And while all this was going on there was a steady and silent consolidation of power in an elite that deemed themselves as naturals to ruler. It was under the edicts of international emergencies, starting with the great plague of 2019 – 2025 that over time civil liberties began to evaporate away and the once pleasant way of life so many billions had taken for granted was replaced with the harsh pragmatisms of the time.

The survival of humanity necessitated this! In a assured desperation humanity pressed out in Solaris to find new homes, on the Moon, on Mars and a thousand other places in Solaris. .

Amidst all this it was in 2057 that the symbol first appeared, a decade or so after the UNO closed its doors forever. The press out into space was too much for any single nation state to lead, or even any coalition of states. It had taken all the efforts of the space-faring nations to habitat first the moon, then Mars.

Amidst all this desperation an Asian consortium took it upon themselves to capture a few asteroids and transport them to Mars and the Moon, to harvest them for water ice and other precious resources. This was an attempt to break themselves free from the costly transportation of strategic resources from the Earth. The Consortium's sign was a red star.

Is it a coincidence then that a six sided gold star was the sign of Master Planet Terra? There were five sided stars in so many flag and symbols of earlier times. Was a sixth side not then a measure of progress? Each side represented one of the layers that insulated the elite from the masses. If you were granted

the six sided star symbol then you had nothing to worry about – it was the iron rice bowl. You worked your way to this title one ray at a time. No one less than fifty-two Terrain years had ever been made *Six-Side*.

Over time, and perhaps inevitably, Six-Side became a matriarchal administration – women were after all, better at administration and a margin of even a small part of a percent in their work efficiency could cost the lives of millions or wipe out an entire colony somewhere in Solaris.

All men were eventually forced off the Master Planet, except *homo pleasuris*. *Enfantis naturalis* were no longer born on Terra, the last such child being birthed on the Master Planet in 2161 – *In vitro matriarchalis* replacing *enfantis naturalis*. After all, men were no longer needed, their function replaced by genomic robots.

The men were forced off world where their work was. By the middle of the 22nd century most of the industrial capacity of humanity had migrated off-world, much of it ending up on the asteroid belt with the manifests and schedules of transit to and from the *Asteroidal Consolidated Manufacturing Enterprises* set out by a super computer on Mars to accommodate the short communication times. There were also smaller regional manufacturers near the many thousands of off Terra human colonies scattered across Solaris. These light industries supplying mostly consumer goods and consumables like clothing, furniture and appliances.

Agriculture was distributed across Solaris, managed by *Six-Sides* which were experts in their crops. Meaningful labor had been rationally decided by *Six-Sides* on the Master Planet, based on an assay of your genomic signature, and depending on the carrying capacity and the productiveness of your colony, children were allowed, usually one per family unit. If more than one was forthcoming, the child could either remain with their family unit but only after they undergone a mandatory orchiectomy or oophorectomy, or they would find a new placement elsewhere, never to be seen again by their biological parents.

Before having children, a man or a woman who decided to have a mandatory were given a bonus to their monthly food allowance. A family who kept their second child, even after their '*mandatories*', had a penalty set their monthly food allowance. If they fought the '*mandatories*' – the entire family unit became *Homo Sacer*.

Capital punishment for *Homo Sacer*s was unnecessary – instead punishment was allowed to take its natural course. One merely looked the other way. The cruel inevitability that beset *Homo Sacer* was a strong and lasting message ... comply or die!

Planning was the word, but there were always unplanned events. The push was to balancing out in the end. But humanity continued to flourish and more and more *spatium animam* was needed. In another half century, by 2200, it would be time to skip over to Saturn. The surreal estate agents were already

hard at work trying to persuade the *Six-Sides* to declare the Titan edict of 2101 null and void so they could open Titan as the next great oasis of humanity.

But before this happened, a small group of humans seeking their freedom and a better existence surreptitiously set sail to distant star *Proxima Centauri*, and the prospect of life outside the ponderous and officious authority of the *Six-Sides*.

Somehow they were found out. These humans became *Homo Sacer Ultima* – the ultimate outcasts who knew if they failed in their great quest they could not return to the Solaris, for if they did that their lives would be forfeit and their genes forever struck from the great genomic registry on Ganymede.

They also knew if they succeeded an even greater punishment awaited them. A sentence of indentured servitude at the barren edges of Solaris, somewhere in the far off Kuiper Belt or even more distant Oort Cloud.

If even one of them returned to Solaris, it would set forth the inevitable. It would be a matter of time before a great crusade would gather from all the corners of Solaris to set forth to find and to punish the colonists on *Proxima Centauri* for their impudence and arrogance.

Six-Sides were supreme, and they figured that if not what but total chaos would ensue, and a return to the previous era when Covid, Conflict and Chaos had plagued all of humanity.

And so it was that the Crusade stood ready to set forth! I know of this story first hand for I am one of these *Homo Sacer* – and probably the most accursed of them all – for it was I *Patricius* who led these outcasts on their quest, and it is I who have freely returned to Solaris to argue for their freedom.

I Patricius ... Homo Sacer Ultimas

It was I who was cast in chains by the *Six-Sides* and transported back to the Terra, back to be paraded through the streets of the great capitol and hence before them.

Have you ever heard the scorn of billions? It rattles the bones and the determination of even the strongest man. It took all my strength not to weep.

Where was their humanity that they claimed to be protecting? I had hoped to be tried in full view of Terrans, but instead I was set naked before a Magistrate. She sat high up on her podium looking down at me. Dressed in her colorful garb and wearing stern steel-framed glasses, it was she who would try me, and only she, in a huge cold dark room with no one watching over her shoulders, except on net.

I did a three sixty. I knew the door I had been led in was some distance behind me. I shuffled one hundred steps to get here from there. Outside of the two bright spot lights, one beamed on me and another shining on her, there was complete blackness. The room was deathly quiet. If there were others in the

room they were hid away. Perhaps with just the two of us, something noble would happen?

I did not have to wait long for it to begin.

“What do you have to say for yourself, prisoner?” was her opening words.

“I am a free man ...” What else could I say holding my chains mockingly before me?

“Free ... you are enchained before me. How can you be free?”

“You can bind my hands and feet ... but you cannot bind my mind, my soul, nor my heart.”

Suddenly, and without warning something blessed happened, but before I tell you what it was ... let me continue.

“Why do you want to be free?” she asked.

“Because that is the natural state of being, is it not.”

“Natural state? Since when?”

“Since man has walked this planet.” The choice of the word man antagonized her.

“Nonsense! What nonsense. Man has never been free! You exist to serve!”

“I have read there was a time when man was free.”

“Read? Since when can men read?”Who taught you?”

“My mother did ...”

“She was wrong to do that ... and this freedom you read about.” She matronized me. “You have read wrong, or have wrongly read.”

You wonder what blessed thing had happened? The Magistrate had removed my shackles! They had noiselessly been unclasped and it took me a moment to realize I was no longer bound around my wrists and ankles.

“Magistrate ...” I thought I might press my luck.

“Yes prisoner ...”

“I am cold ... may I have something to wear?”

“No, I will raise the room temperature for you.”

“Why can I not wear garments?”

“You know why! ”

“Do I?” In fact I did but perhaps if I feigned ignorance.

“Garments are not to be worn by *Homo Sacer*. This is what you are. Beside ...

“Besides?” What other reason could there be? I thought looking up at the aged magistrate. Then it dawned on me that she was not as aged as I thought she was.

“Besides ...” I thought I heard a slight clearing of her throat. “I need to know if you are telling the truth.”

“My words are always truthful!”

“We shall see!” Aha ... there was an angle here I could exploit.

“See what?” I chortled.

“Words are not enough!” she retorted sternly. “There are ... biometrics ... capillary response ..., thermography ... I need to know whether you are telling me the truth by closely studying you. A man’s body never lies!

I pressed her buttons. “Neither does a woman’s!”

“Prisoner be mindful where you are and who you are talking to!”

I suddenly felt weak to my knees. The instant the shackles unbound my ankles I had started to sway. Before being brought here I had trudged for days and days and days. I now felt very tired.

I peered up at the magistrate. “I need to sit!”

“I thought you men could stand forever!” she said mockingly.

“I am not from Terran ... you know that. I am not use to such gravity!”

There was a pause. The Magistrate was obviously caught unawares by my asking. “You ... may ... sit,” she said slowly.

I looked around the room. “What may I sit on?”

“On ... the ... floor, prisoner.” Her loud words echoed off the distant walls.

So I sat myself down cross-legged onto the cold floor and remained silent.

It was a minute or two before she asked her next question. Her voice was solemn. “Why did you return to Solaris?”

I had not expected her to ask me this question so early on in my trial. At this point I did not want to discuss this issue. But I wondered nonetheless why she had asked. I did not want to answer her question so I asked a question myself.

“What am I on trial for? What am I accused of?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Her voice had an edge to it.

Here was my first real chance for me to push back. “No, to be perfectly honest, it is not obvious to me.”

“You are *expected* to follow the *Laws* of Solaris like everyone else.” She emphasized *expected* and *Laws*.

“But I no longer reside in Solaris ... You have no jurisdiction over me.”

There was a pause as she looked down at me. “We shall see ... you are here.”

“I am here, that is true, but I chose to be here of my own free will!” She ignored what I had just said and pressed on.

“You are human ...” she said officiously.

“Yes... I am human ...”

“So you are governed by the Laws of Solaris, which governs all humans.”

“But ... Magistrate ... even though I am human, I no longer reside within the Solaris system and therefore am free to decide my own laws!”

“Where then do you and your human compatriots reside?”

I knew the Magistrate very well knew the answer to her question before she even asked it. My ship had been thoroughly studied when I arrived, although I had disassembled the navigational equipment before I beamed my log back to my new home planet in the *Proxima Centuari* star system.

“They are somewhere outside the jurisdiction of Solaris and all its laws.”

“How many ... humans are with you?”

I smiled and stayed silent.

“But you are human. Where were you born?”

Why did she need to ask me? She knew the answer. “... I was born on Mars.”

“I see that in your AS twenty-two states your profession is a soybean farmer.”

“Huh. Your docket is out of date isn’t it!”

“No, it is you who is mistaken. The docket reflects the Law and all humans, including you, are governed by the Laws of Solaris.”

I smiled ... “ah but only if they reside within Solaris. I am no longer a soybean farmer am I! I am a great explorer.”

She laughed. “A great explorer!”

“Judge, may I ask you something?”

“I will answer only if your question has meaning. Ask then?”

“Have you ever grown soybeans?”

“No ... what a silly question!”

“Can I ask you another question?”

“Yes ...”

“Do you know how to do anything other than sit and judge others?”

There was a silence.

“Have you ever travelled off-world?”

“No ... I have no need to.”

“Not even to do something for yourself?”

“Like what?”

“A holiday, a break, an escape perhaps ... to the Moon or Mars?”

“I have everything I need here.”

“You have never left Terran have you, not once?”

She shook her head.

“Then how can you sit in judgment of me ... and men like me ... who toil for you and many others like you ... who are you to judge me ... and how are you to judge me ... when you do not know what our lives are like? What is law about?”

“Law is about order!” She barked back. “Law is about law!”

“Isn’t law about humanity? Isn’t law about happiness, and well-being and perhaps truth as well?”

“Who taught you these ridiculous notions?”

“My mother did ...”

“She raised a fool, your mother did!” She picked up her gavel and struck the podium harshly. “I pass sentence now. You are to return to Mars and your soybeans ...”

I stood and smiled. “My family and children are finally free!”

“You choose to defy me and you will be sent to goal.”

“I do defy you!”

She leaned forward and sternly looked down at me. “But first you will be manditoried.” She said this harshly.

I laughed. “Am I a fool to prefer to die as a free man ... than serve as a slave?” And with my own hand I wrenched my neck such and broke my spine and expired. I was conscious just long enough to see the magistrate, taken aback by what I had done, fall back into her chair and frown.

“You are indeed a fool ... *Homo Sacer Ultima* ...”

But she did not grant me the dignity of my own death and I live on in a sort of stasis that sees machines breathe for me and a constant effort by their doctors to probe my mind. This is how I can talk to you, in my dreams.

And the *Six-Sides* they toil to find out the ultimate answer to the ultimate question:

I am sixty years old ... but a trip to *Proxima Centauri* takes forty years.

How then had I gone there and come back so quickly?

In Praise of St. Sebastian by Rose Lang

[**Paris**] When you are a student at a Catholic all girl's school learning about love and the facts of life is rather interesting. You have to approach this subject in a very circumscriptive way.

Our school was gated and had a large courtyard at the centre of which there was a nice flower garden that was tended by the novitiate nuns, not much older than we were. Each year some students from the school would decide to give their lives and their loves to God. These students were given a bed in the wing of the school that housed the nuns and upon their graduation from the school would become novitiates. Most of these classmates came from poor families.

The rest of my schoolmates were in a rush to leave the school at the end of the day to flood into Paris and enjoy a brief period of freedom as they made their ways home. *Je n'était pas si chanceuse ...*

For me, life had few freedoms outside of my school, or my home. Both my parents worked long hours. I did not have *une nounou*, I had my grandmere, who each morning would walk me to school and each afternoon when the end of day bell rang would be there to walk me home again. She lived around the corner from me. I would spend the afternoons with her doing my homework and even had dinner with her sometimes and then stay over when my parents did not want me *sous leur pieds*.

When I was fourteen I discovered that I was no longer a little girl but I was becoming *une jeune femme* as my grandmere would say. Just when we needed to be taught something about ... you know what ... the nuns kept us busy doing silly school work conjugating verbs and doing art projects which mostly were drawing and painting watercolors of the flowers in our school garden.

One morning a gardener came and this caused a stir he being a young and handsome young man in his twenties. He was studying horticulture or agriculture or something like this *à son college* and was doing a practicum in our garden. He looked a lot like Pierre Perrier the French actor.

That morning was sunny and hot and so at some point he decided to take off his shirt ... where within perhaps a minute *la mère supérieure* was there to ask him to put his shirt back on.

I happened to be looking out the window when he took off his shirt and he happened to look up at me staring down at him at the second floor window. I suspect I was not only girl thinking this ... but I wondered who he was and whether he would be a fixture in our little garden. He was there several days toiling with some rock work that needed repair. The garden was as old as the school and our school was well over a hundred years old.

It was strange, but the first time I saw him I imagined him as the central sculpture in our little garden ... like Michelangelo's David. There had once was a little sculpture at the centre of the garden but it went missing once, a prank that one of the girls wanted to play on *la mère supérieure* of the day.

Le petit cerf appeared one morning on her desk within her locked office. How it got in the locked office and who put it there remains a mystery to this day. *La mère supérieure* had not taken it well and so the little pedestal at the centre of the garden stood empty. Rumor had it she had le petit cerf set as a head stone for a poor unfortunate school girl who had died of some mysterious malady. She may have been pregnant ... so the rumors were.

Yes, it is difficult to learn about love and the facts of life at our school, even though by age fourteen we should be told this for obvious reasons.

One afternoon my grandmere could not pick me up from school so I had to walk to her place all by myself. I had my own key to her apartment for emergencies. She wasn't expected home until after 6 and so I decided to take my time walked to her apartment.

As it happened, that same afternoon the young and handsome gardener happen to be leaving our school at the same time and so some of my girlfriends and I decided to walk behind him to see where he might be heading. I think he sort of knew we were there following him and it appeared he did not mind. He actually glanced back at the three of us at one point and smiled.

I think he recognized me and I could feel the smile touch me individually. I started to blush. My two friends noticed this and asked me what was happening. I turned to them and boldly said "... I am getting wet ... you know where!"

Mon dieu the giggle carried well over to the gardener who suddenly turned and started to walk towards us with determination. My two friends disappeared in a blink of an eye, leaving me alone to meet him face a face.

“I recognize you,” he said. “You were looking out the second floor window when I took my shirt off the other day.”

I nodded.

“Are you following me?”

I shook my head.

“Where did you two friend go?”

I shrug my shoulders and looked around.

“You’re not much of a talker are you?”

I shook my head and then spoke. “My grandmere told me never to talk to strangers.”

“But I am not a stranger ...” he responded.

I stuttered as I said “I guess not” and could feel my face become more flushed.

Before I knew it he had tugged my sketchbook from my bag and started to look at my artwork. “You like flowers ...”

“That’s what les soeurs ask us to draw ... *les fleurs* ...”

A piece of paper fell from my sketchbook. Before I could grab it back he had it in his hand.

“What’s this?”

I had started to draw a sketch of a man tending a garden. He was without a shirt. It was obviously him.

“Is this me? The shape of my torso is all wrong. You have drawn me in the shape of a woman.” He was right. I had tried drawing myself in a mirror from time to time but I had never tried drawing a man.

“Do you like drawing people?”

I nodded slowly.

A broad smile crossed his face. “Have you ever drawn with a live model?”

I looked down at my feet. I was too scared to look up into his eyes. “No ...”

“Would you like to?”

My heart skipped a beat. “Yes ...”

“Tomorrow is my last day working on your garden so today is your only chance.” My eyes shot up meeting his. His eyes gleamed with happiness,

“Come ... my place is just around the corner.” He started to walk up the street not looking back. Perhaps he was very sure of himself, and knew that I would follow him. Or perhaps he dared not look back if by chance I got cold feet and ran off.

I followed him. I don’t know why I did this, but I did. I looked at my watch. It was barely four.

His place was an old pied-à-terre. It had simple but comfortable furniture and he had a cat which ran to meet him at the door when he stepped in his place. When I stepped into his place his cat was stand-offish with me.

“Make yourself comfortable. Would you like some wine?”

“No ... l’eau minérale.” He brought me a bottle and opened it for me and poured some into a glass and handed it to me before he took a drink directly out of the bottle. Then he said “you know I don’t even know your name.”

“Rose ...”

“Sebastian ...” He offered me his hand.

I lifted mine thinking he would merely shake my hand, but he took my hand in his than bowed politely and kissed the back of my hand. “...like the Saint.” He smiled. “Make yourself comfortable while I take a quick shower.”

Then he left me all alone. I looked down at my hand where he kissed me and felt a flood of happiness. Then I looked around his small world. There was second hand furniture and many paperback books. I stood up and walked over to his bookshelf. It was built into the wall and was entirely filled with books.

I randomly read the title of one. Satre. Another ... Poincaré. A third ... Thomas Aquinas. His library was very intellectual.

I walked over to his desk which stood beneath a window. The sunlight set a glow across the notebook open on the desk top. He was composing a love poem. Ahh, I thought, a romantic.

Time must have stood still while I visited his small world for he suddenly reappeared wrapped in a towel around his waist. He was still wet and was drying his hair with a second towel. He let the towel drop from his hand then walked over to the corner of the entrance to this room, turned around and then leaned back against the wall. He kicked the other towel off himself and lifted his arms above his head. “Draw me like Saint Sebastian.”

The view of him, naked before me took my breath away. My hands shook as I took a pencil from my bag and began to draw him. He was more beautiful than I had imagine. His masculinity came alive before my very eyes.

As I drew him it was so quiet I could hear his breathing from clear across the room. I wondered if he could hear my heart, for it was beating wildly. I drew for perhaps a half hour. Then without a word I grabbed my things raced to the door and was out into the street without looking back. Perhaps it was because I was getting wet and bothered and could not trust myself to be in a room alone with a naked man ...

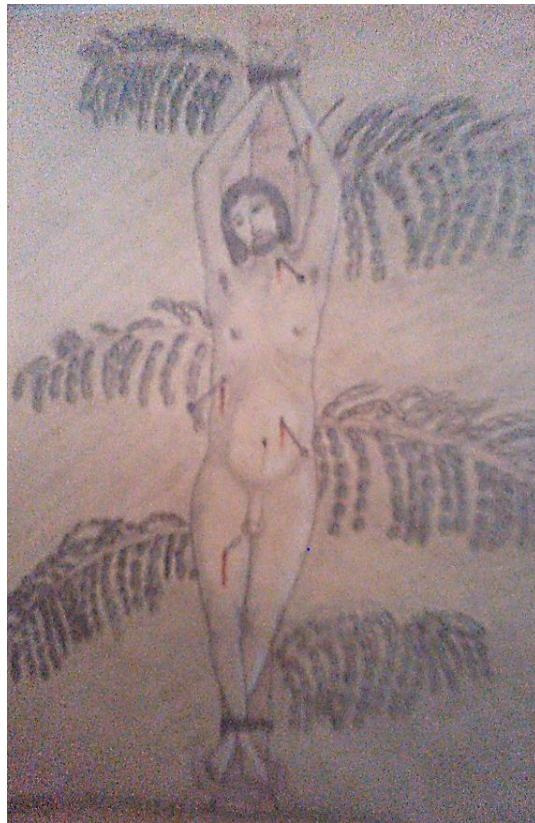
I managed to arrive at my grandmere's apartment a mere three minutes before she did. I was hot and bothered. When she asked me what I had done all afternoon ... I told her I had a headache and had taken a nap.

The following day there he was in the garden again and I found inside of me enough courage to go and speak with him. Quietly he asked me why I had run off? I tried to explain without really telling the truth. "I had to be somewhere by six." In actual fact I could not trust myself to be there with him.

"Can I see you again?" I looked up into his eyes. They sparkled with happiness. I slowly nodded. Sebastian and I are now good friends.

He has let me draw him many times, *sans habillement* but not once did he ask for liberties from me. Sebastian has been a perfect gentleman. I have never asked him ... mais, je me demande s'il est gay.

As for me, I now understand love and the facts of life much better, and I think I have even met a Saint. I gave my drawing of St. Sebastian to a friend who lives in Vancouver as a birthday gift years ago. All I have left to remember this first encounter with Sebastian is it is a polaroid picture of the drawing. Not bad for a fourteen year old artist, don't you think?



The Sex Life of a Queen Bee by Rose Lang

Were life for me ...
like that of a Queen Bee
at the centre of a hive
surrounded by consorts who live
to please me, and nothing more ...
and male concubines, bored
most times except when I let
them come close
and let loose.
In a frenzy of
Sex ... sex ... sex ...

My consorts I have
long ago made sterile,
yet they do try
in the own frenzy
to let loose,
but nothing comes from them
but the buzz, buzz, buzz
of xes ... xes ... xes ...

My concubines I tease
because I want them to please
me. All I want from them

is they dance with me when
I am ready to mate, that they rasp
and ravage me, so we can make
billions of baby bees ...

Were life for me ...
like that of a Queen Bee
My life would be so
much simpler ...

I could let my consorts
xes ... xes ... xes ...
as much as they please
and not worry.

Then set out in search
of a male concubine
when I am ready to
make a baby bee ...
a baby me.

Building Identical Snowflakes by Patrick and Michelle Chan

We present the ultimate challenge to nanotechnology researchers – build self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) that can produce multiple identical copies of *Snowflakes*, with an error of less than one part in a billion.

Room at the Bottom and Nanotechnology

In a landmark lecture given by physicist Richard Feynman at the annual APS meeting at Caltech on December 29th, 1959 titled "*There's Plenty of Room at the Bottom: An Invitation to Enter a New Field of Physics*" a challenge was presented to build micro-technology machines. These machines were on the scale of micrometers. ¹

It is said that half the wealth generated in the 20th century derived from the application of Quantum Physics to micro-technology scaled practical applications. In the over six decades since Feynman presented his challenge physics has progressed from micrometer scaled machines to nanometer scaled machines.

In the past century the science of computing and *Artificial Intelligence* have developed sophisticated thinking machines that are fully programmable in the sense of either Von Neumann machines that are self-replicating ² or thinking machines as outlined by Alan Turing. ³

We now build machines at the scale of nanometers. It is predicted that 75% of the wealth in the 21st century may draw from nanotechnology. Now it is time to push the science of nanotechnology into a realm that is at the cutting edge of nature's natural beauty.

The Snowflake Challenge

In a handful of places in modern science man-made things have been produced that we do not find in nature – e.g. glucose molecules with the ‘wrong handedness,’ Technetium used in nuclear medicine and chlorofluorocarbons compounds used as refrigerants, to name three examples.

It is said that no two *Snowflakes* are ever identical and are themselves transcendental. *Snowflakes* are fractal objects that are built up by random physical processes that depend on simple phase dynamics.

The *Snowflake Challenge* is to build a self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) that can produce multiple identical copies of a Snowflake template, with an error of less than one part in a billion.

Ideally the machine should be able to draw water out of the air, chill each molecule and place it into a structure that can be replicated with a high precision and accuracy.

The self-sufficient nanotechnology machine (SANTM) may be powered remotely. Chromophores may be a possible transfer mechanism for remote powering. Ideally these SANTM would be mobile and not fixed structures.

The SANTM must have its primary CPU internal to its structure. They should be reprogrammable remotely and be self-learning in certain functions core to its purpose. The SANTM may dialogue on a periodic basis with an external CPU in a manner that is secondary to its primary function. They must have finite lifetimes and not represent a harmful mechanical creature to existing living creatures on Earth. The SANTM shall be programmed to follow Asimov's Three Robotic Laws.⁴

The SANTM should be able to self-correct any errors in the placement of the water molecules on a continuous basis so that the end product is as anticipated by its programming to an accuracy of better than one part in a billion. What is not wanted is a machine that will make many copies with errors in the oft chance a handful of the end products meet the template programming. Many varieties of snowflakes of progressing complexity should be allowed as a template.

Such SANTM could be adapted for many other practical applications, such as building high impulse efficient solar sails for interplanetary and interstellar exploration, or building and maintaining space elevators. SANTM could also be used for terraforming of planets such as Mars, Venus and moons. Such SANTM could also produce foodstuff and pharmaceuticals.

With an ever increasing population, humanity is in a foot-race with catastrophe. Left unchecked there may be as many as 30 billion humans on planet Earth a century from now. SANTM that can meet the *Snowflake Challenge* may help to mitigate such a catastrophe.

References:

- 1) Feynman, R, *There's Plenty of Room at the Bottom*,
https://web.pa.msu.edu/people/yang/RFeynman_plentySpace.pdf
- 2) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Von_Neumann_architecture
- 3) Refer to: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan_Turing
- 4) A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm. A robot must obey orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

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